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Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 23, 1957 / 25¢

Thomas Wolfe, whose "Look Homeward, Angel" has been made into a new play.

HUMOR AGAINST TABOO

The Sorrowful Story of the Cartoon

NO BARGAIN BASEMENT FOR HIGHER ... orial

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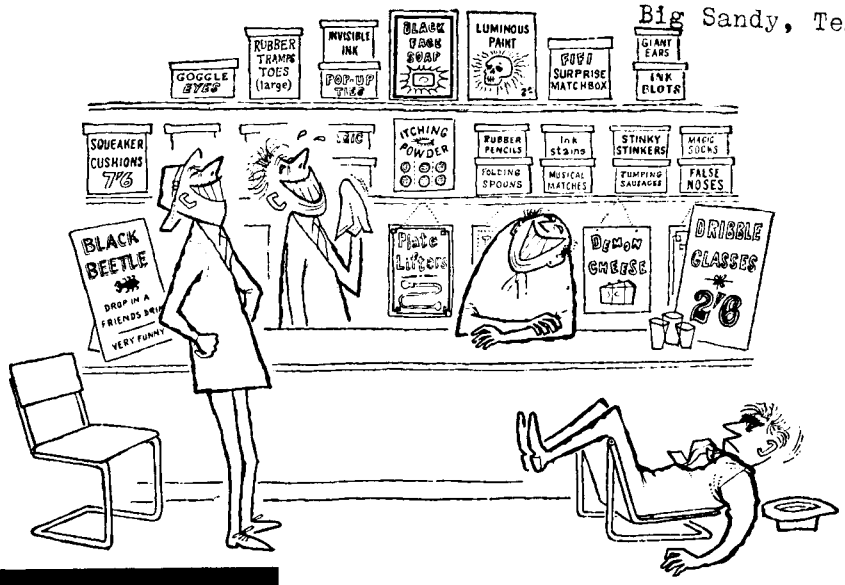

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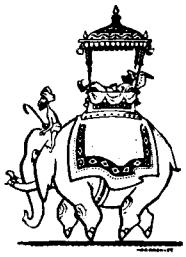

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This famed British humor magazine has been poking devastating fun at the world since 1841. A great tradition has attracted to its roster of contributors Britain's keenest wits, cartoonists, and critics. The cartoons in PUNCH — over 1000 a year, some of them in full color —are alone worth the price of admission.

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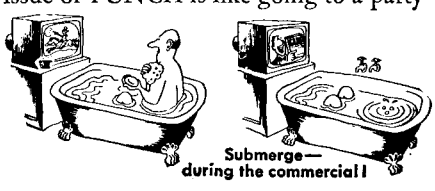

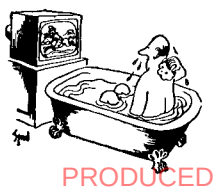

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PUNCH is renowned for its outspoken commentary—humor with a sting in its tail.

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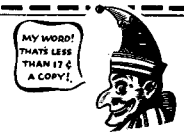

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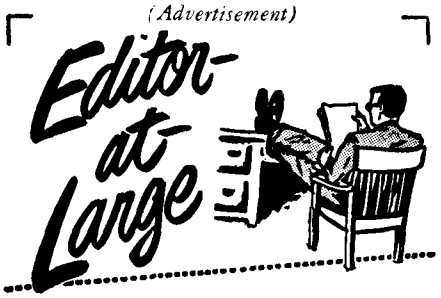

"For every girl that settles down and gets married, there's another inside her who wonders what would have happened if she had picked up and gone to Paris."

This is the musing of an older woman in George Goodman's novel, "A Time for Paris," the story of Sally White, a Vassar graduate who did pick up and go to Paris. And when she got there she learned something about love and sex and life, and a lot about herself, from an assortment of Continental and British types, as well as from several American boys, one of whom was Freddie Holland.

Freddie had met Sally on the boat, and while he was carrying off a brilliant economic mission for the Embassy in London, he found he couldn't forget her, particularly since she had a pleasant habit of turning up at crucial moments in both their lives.

We've read a lot of late of "the Beat Generation." "A Time for Paris" gives a new picture of these young Americans, especially those of the Eastern division, having a last fling after college before sliding into the abyss of Organization Manhood.

They're good people to know and to read about, whether you are one yourself, or the parent or older brother of one, or even young enough and lucky enough to be in love with one.

But maybe what you care about is a good story. Then "A Time for Paris," the second work of an up-and-coming young American writer, is a fine one.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"A Time for Paris" ($3.75), by George Goodman, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., and may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 31 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 153 Orange St., New Haven, Conn. Bob Marshall, the eminent Ann Arbor bookseller, says that college girls won't buy novels, not even this one, which is about them. If you happen to be in his vicinity, I hope you'll stop by and prove that he's wrong. Be sure to tell him L. L. Day sent you.

The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 23, 1957

Cover Photography: Courtesy of Culver Service

SR/IDEAS

11 Humor Vs. Taboo

24 No Bargain Basement for Higher Education: An Editorial

25 A "Sensitive" Subject: An Editorial

SR/BOOKS

18 The Opium of the Intellectuals, by Raymond Aron
Essay-Review by Sidney Hook

21 This Was Andersonville, by John McElroy; edited by Roy Meredith
Reviewed by Earl Schenck Miers

22 Jeb Stuart: The Last Cavalier, by Burke Davis
Reviewed by James W. Livingood

36 The Fabric of Memory, by Eleanor Robson Belmont
Reviewed by Helen Beal Woodward

37 Fanfare, by Richard Maney
Reviewed by Allen Churchill

40 The Incident, by Marc Rivette
Reviewed by Donald B. Dodson

41 The Test, by Pierre Boulle
Reviewed by Otis Fellows

43 Warwick the Kingmaker, by Paul Murray Kendall
Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly

44 Mr. Pepys of Seething Lane, by Cecil Abernethy
Reviewed by Robert Halsband

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 Trade Winds

26 Letters to the Editor

27 Broadway Postscript

29 *SR* Goes to the Movies

30 TV and Radio

31 Music to My Ears

38 Literary I.Q.

39 Literary Crypt

47 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1235

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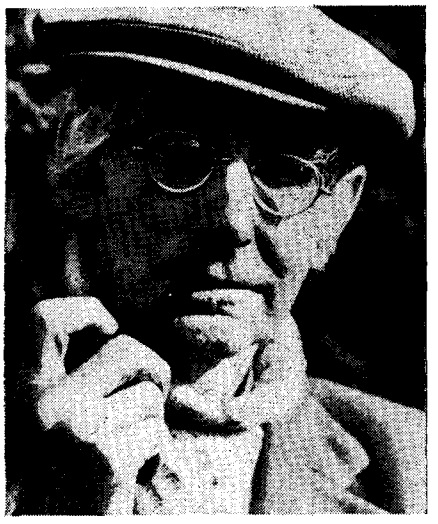
The man who reads dictionaries



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"I MUST have spent years of life with dictionaries, for a dictionary was the first tool I used to learn to read. I have five of them now. *Webster's New World Dictionary*, College Edition, is a great dictionary and a lovely book, a classic among dictionaries. It is a fascinating one, easy to handle, beautifully printed, and splendidly bound. This splendid work shows that the American way of words is a good way, and I, on behalf of Whitman, cry hail to it."

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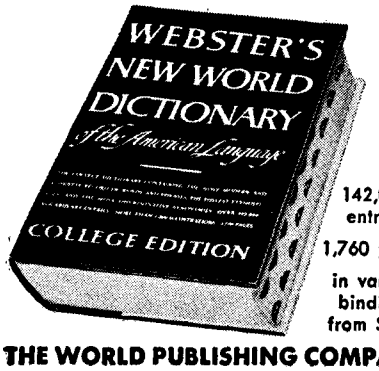

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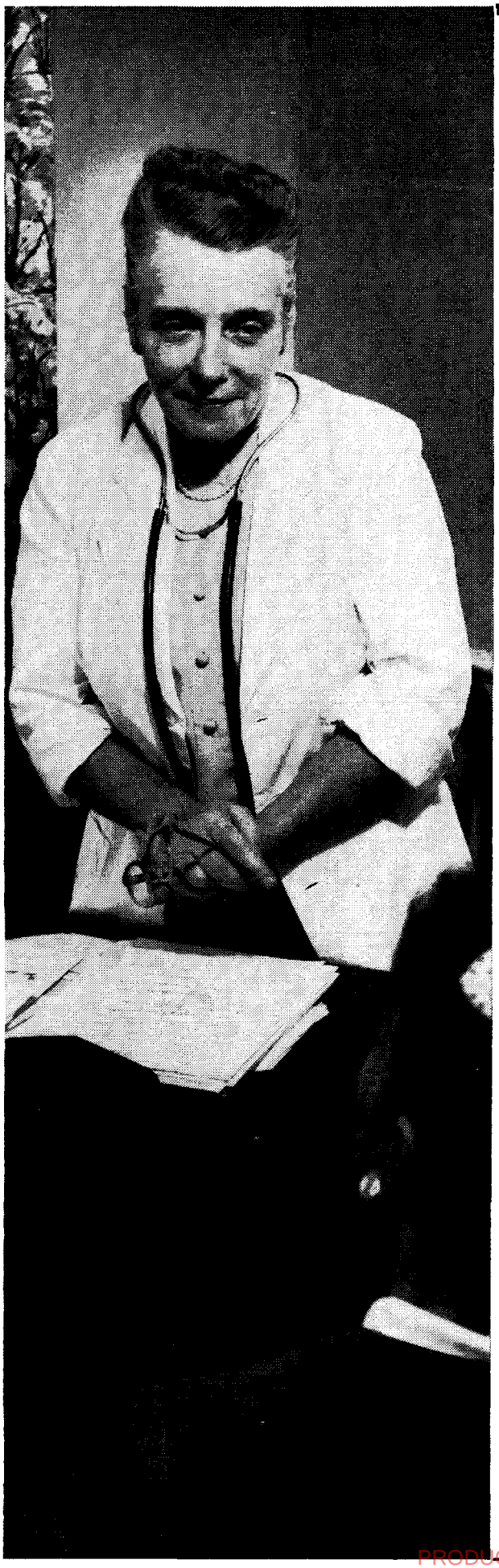

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- Is everybody "that kind of girl?"

PHOTO OF DR. HILLIARD

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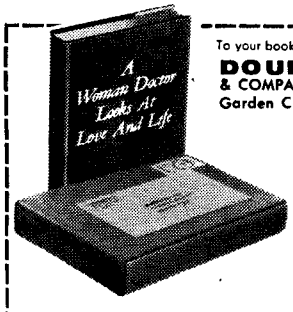

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TRADE Winds

LAUGHING IS PRETTY old stuff. First it was the exultant cry of relief by the cave man as he saw his fallen enemy. A slightly more civilized reaction came later when it was funny to see two comedians striking each other with sticks that slapped. The ultimate in civilized humor developed when the entire joke was turned over in the mind itself and the laughter was completely stimulated by mental image or absorption.

Stephen Leacock, in his essay on the subject, says that the lower range of the scale of humor is illustrated best by the pun. The basis of the pun "is the discomfiture of language itself, a sort of exultation over the downfall of the pretentious solemnity of words." As an example he recalls the jingling rhymes of Tom Hood (1835—1874), the most famous punster of the ages. (He lived a short life to have become so famous.) He wrote:

> Ben Battle was a soldier bold
> And used to war's alarms.
> A cannon ball took off his legs,
> So he laid down his arms.

Leacock says this is a play on words and nothing else. "But a pun contains a higher element of humor when the contradiction of verbal forms carries with it also a contradiction in the sense," as for example:

> A drunken man in a barroom picked up a sandwich and threw it against the mirrored wall. "There's food for reflection," said a bystander.

WE KNOW VERY LITTLE about the humor of past peoples. When Rosetta stones or cuneiform scripts are deciphered they always seem to concern business affairs, never an after-dinner speech

by a Sumerian. We know a lot about the ancient Egyptians, but we don't know what they laughed at. Probably flood jokes. The Greeks were casting wry remarks at each other, that we do know. Aristotle was said to have been a great jokester. Once some fellow was chattering away at him with a lot of nonsense and he finally halted long enough to say to Aristotle,

"I hope I wasn't boring you with all this talk."

"Certainly not," replied the philosopher, "for I wasn't listening to you."

I am not sure if that is funny or impolite. In any case, only a philosopher could get away with it, or with the more famous crack Diogenes made when the great Alexander ran across him in Athens. Alexander had conquered the world, and here was this poor unemployed teacher trying to keep warm, huddled on the ground in a corner of the marketplace, when the young ruler came along.

"Greetings, Diogenes," he must have said. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," replied the tough old badger, "get out of my sunlight."

Today you won't find anyone talking to kings that way, nor to parking lot attendants nor to teenagers.

THE ROMANS had a peculiar sense of humor. Sometimes it was cruel and sometimes comic. During the last years of the reign of Tiberius, who was a terrible tyrant, he was executing people night and day. In the new Robert Graves translation of "The Twelve Caesars" (Penguin) it explains that as many as twenty men, women, and children a day were being executed and dragged to the Tiber with hooks, even on holidays. The Emperor regarded death as a comparatively light affliction, and on hearing that a man named Carnalus had forestalled his execution by committing suicide, Tiberius exclaimed,

"Carnalus has got away!"

This is as grim as it is hilarious. Cato the Elder made a better joke when some admirers of his said that there ought to be a statue for him in Rome; there were statues of lots of other less important Romans. Cato didn't like the idea.

"But," the committee told him, "people will ask why there isn't a statue to Cato."

"That's better," he replied, "than having them ask why there *is*."

One outrageous conception we have formed is that the British have no sense of humor. Most of the humorous tradition we can turn up is from British writings. Back in the 1830s, when the landed classes were crumbling but didn't know it, there was Lord John Russell, a man of rather less than usual social charm. In Cecil's "Lord Melbourne" it is told that Russell described to a friend how at a party he had left the Duchess of Inverness to talk to the Duchess of Sutherland, because she was sitting farther from the fire and he felt too hot.

"I hope you told the Duchess of Inverness why you left her," said the friend.

"No," said Lord John after a pause, "but I did tell the Duchess of Sutherland."

IT HAS BEEN pointed out that Rabelais, Molière, and Voltaire make American students bellow with laughter, so we

are indebted to the French for some funny material, too. A popular cartoon 100 years ago in Paris showed a husband drawing a pistol on his wife's lover, while the lady screamed at him,

"Have mercy on the father of your children!"

IN HIS LITERARY analysis, "Wit, Humor, and the Comic," Forster says that puns are a lower form of harmless wit: "Some of Shakespeare's puns are certainly among the worst. A pun, Lamb says, is not bound by the laws which limit nicer wit; it is a pistol let off at the ear, not a feather to tickle the intellect. The example, however, which Lamb gives is something better than a mere pun; in its hopeless absurdity it is more than a play on the sound of words. An Oxford scholar, he relates, meeting a porter who was carrying a hare through the streets, accosted him with this extraordinary question, 'Prithee, friend, is that your own hare or a wig?'

"There is a story about Lamb which shows another element in the technique of wit, namely, faulty logic. A friend said to him, 'You owe me half a crown.' 'On the contrary,' Lamb replied, 'you owe me a half a crown, for if you remember I asked you for the loan of a crown and you only gave me half a crown.' "

SOMEONE HAS supplied me with a typical American joke for the occasion. It's probably quite old and been used many times.

An attractive woman psychiatrist was attending a national convention. While listening to one of the lectures,

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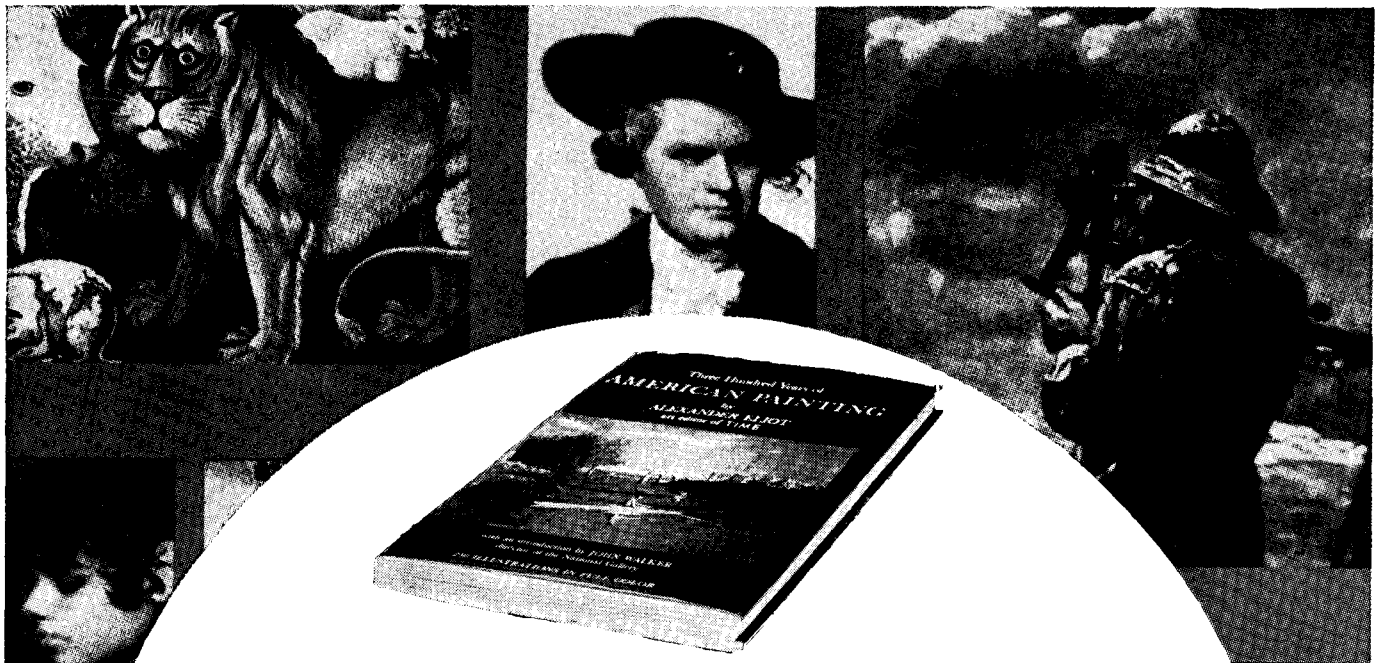

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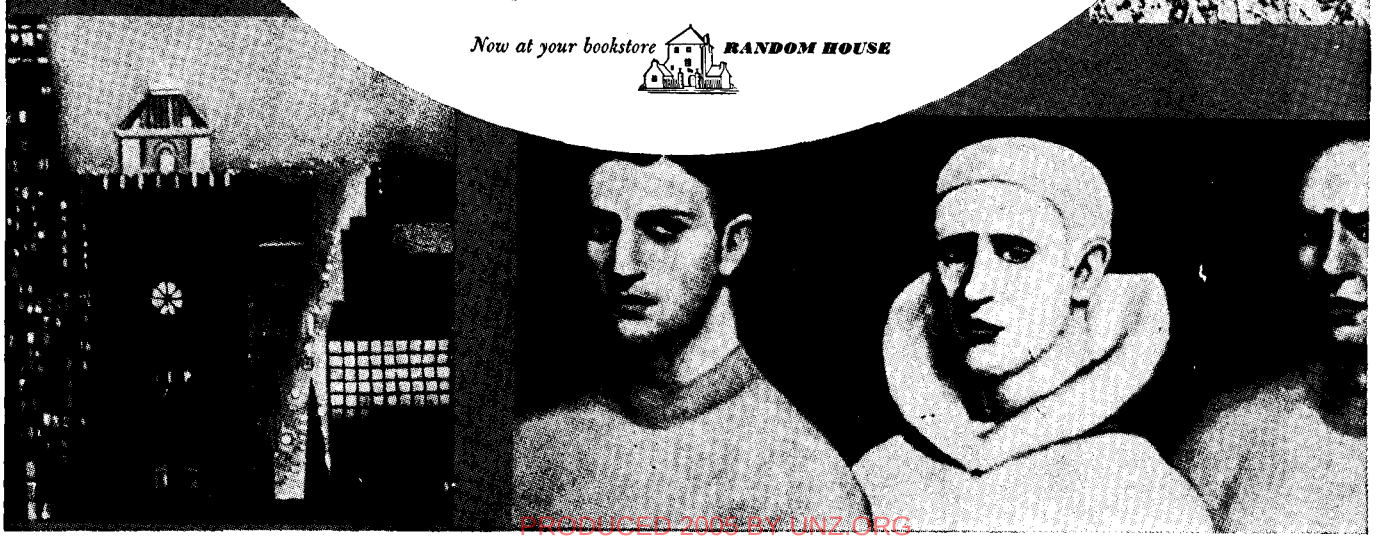

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Seven ages of the telephone

All the World's a Stage, *and all the men and women merely players.... And one man in his time plays many parts, his acts being seven ages. At first the infant* ... SHAKESPEARE

All through the years, from babyhood on, the telephone is an important, indispensable part of almost everything we do. And as the hands that grasp the telephone grow in size and usefulness, so grows the usefulness of the telephone.

Baby Days At first the telephone is just something that rings. But soon the lusty newcomer is saying "hello, Daddy" all by himself and listening in wide-eyed wonder to the magic of Daddy's voice.

Growing Up It isn't long before the telephone becomes more than a magical fascination. It begins to be something for doing things. A particular pal to call. And a very necessary part of growing up.

Dynamic Teens Life is now a whirl of activity. So many things to do. Girl talks to girl. And boy talks to girl. And there are two happy hearts when she says, "I'd love to go."

Just Married Two starry-eyed young people starting a new life together. The telephone, which is so much a part of courtship, is also a big help in all the marriage plans and in getting settled.

Earning a Living The years go by and always there is the responsibility of earning a living. Here again the telephone is a speedy, willing helper. It is a part of the daily work of almost everyone.

Raising a Family Now the telephone becomes more useful than ever. For how could Mother ever run her household and raise a family without it! Friends, relatives, stores, doctors, conveniences—all are so near by telephone.

It's Grandma Now And now she's holding a grandchild on her lap. The telephone that has served her for so many years now starts a new era of service. The cycle of life and the seven ages of the telephone begin all over again.

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she realized the man next to her was pinching her. The lady psychiatrist was just about to tell him exactly what she thought of him, when she suddenly changed her mind.

"Why should I get angry?" she thought. "After all, it's his problem."

WHAT'S GOING on in Russia is the big question. At David McKay Company, publishers, they would like to know. The other day they received from the central Russian distribution office a request for one copy of a book, "The Heart Has Its Reasons," the memoirs of the Duchess of Windsor, published in 1956. Probably some fellow on a slow satellite to the Moon wants to read about the obligations of the throne, the duties of monarchy, the sacrifices of true love.

THE NATIONAL Association of Tobacco Distributors held a board meeting of its young executive members two weeks ago in Havana. It was also a trade mission in cooperation with the Cuban government and it lasted several days, while the American tobacco executives visited factories, etc.

Batista had invited the group to appear at the palace for a cocktail party, and before leaving New York the fellows had decided that according to custom a token gift should be given to El Presidente as a memento. It was agreed to present him a rosewood gavel with a silver band on which was engraved the pertinent facts of the ceremony. Yeblon's, the famous silversmiths, filled the order.

The gift was delivered, beautifully wrapped, not long before the young executives started packing for the trip. One of them said, "We better open it to see if they spelled Fulgencio right."

Everything was just as ordered. But, also packed in with the gavel was a little booklet. Its title:

"How to Conduct a Service for a Past President."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1234)

D. S. BOYER:

YEAR OF DISCOVERY OPENS (IN ANTARCTICA)

(From National Geographic Magazine, Sept., 1957)

Antarctic weather, however, is changeable.... Almost before we had taxied to the parking strip, the sky closed down again and a whistling blizzard blanked everything out. Lady Antarctica was showing what she *might* have done to us.

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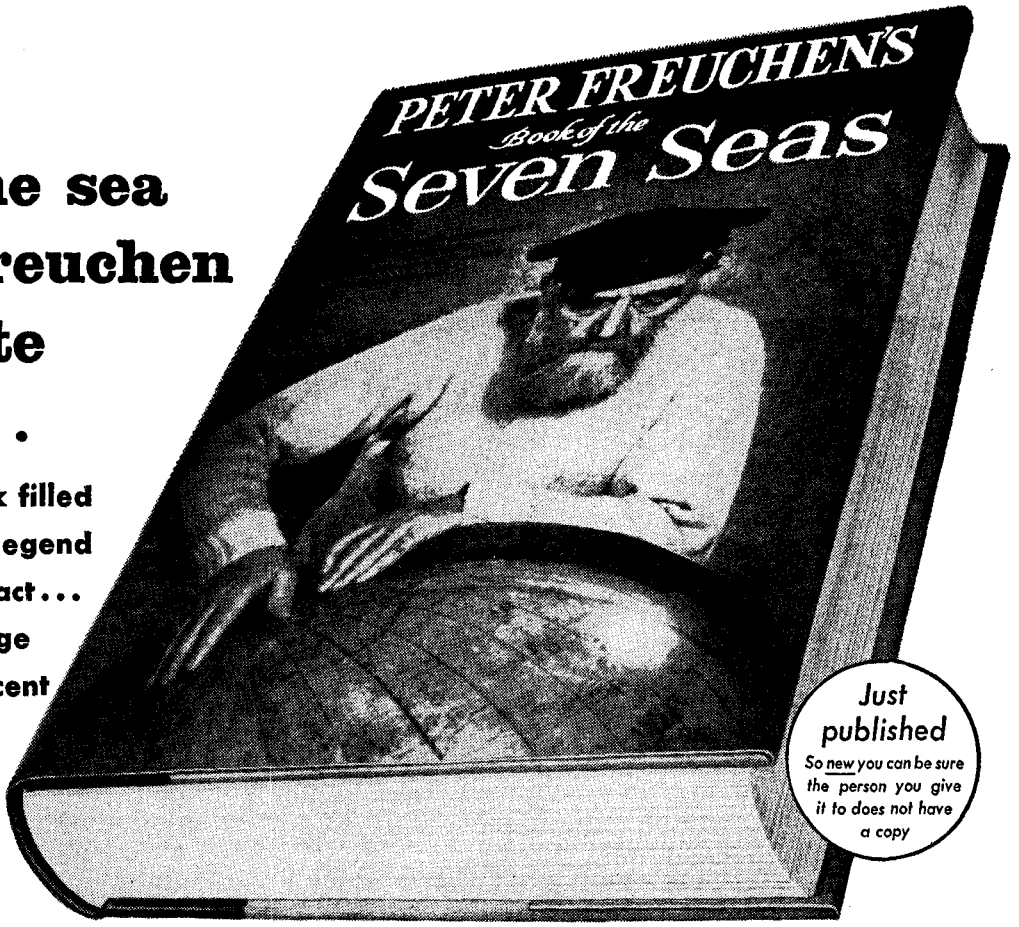

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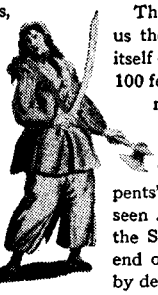

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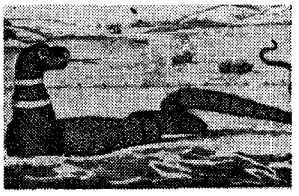

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- Feast and Famine
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- Courtship in the Sea

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- The Tides
- The Winds
- The Currents
- The Waves

Part IV—THE SHIPS OF THE SEVEN SEAS
- The Pioneers
- Manpower
- Wind Driven
- Steam
- The Motorship
- The Submarine

Part V—THE GREAT VOYAGES
- The Kon-Tiki
- South to Africa
- First to America
- Westward the Course
- Around the World
- North East Passage
- North to the Pole
- The New Unknown

Part VI—BATTLES AT SEA
- The Battle of Salamis
- The Defeat of the Armada
- The Battle of Trafalgar
- The Merrimac and the Monitor
- Battles of Our Time

Part VII—TREASURES OF THE SEVEN SEAS
- Mining the Sea
- Jewels from the Sea
- Sunken Treasure
- Black Ivory
- The Greatest Treasure

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- The Romantic Islands
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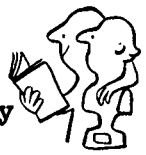

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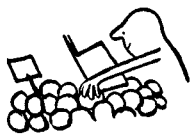

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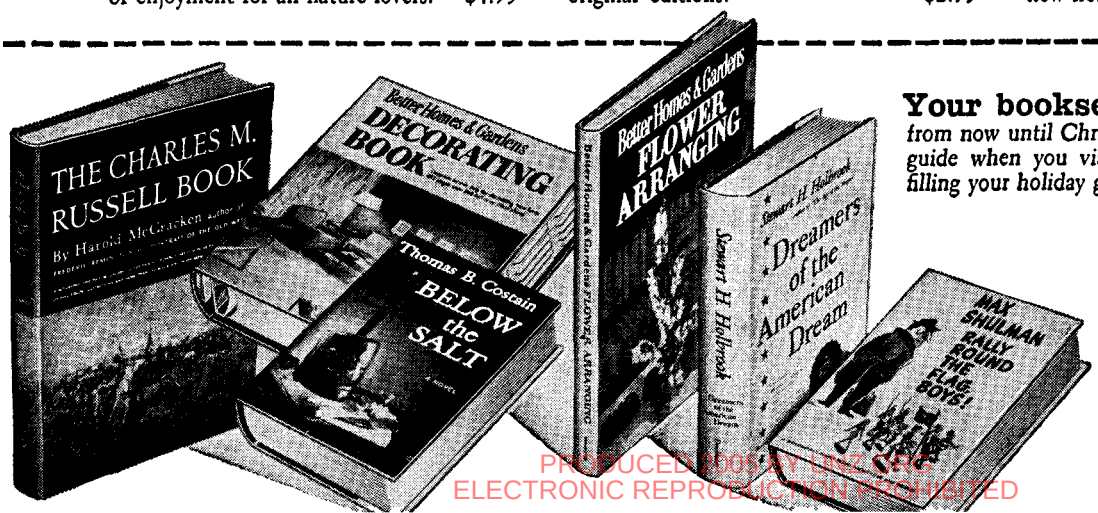
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The Saturday Review
NOVEMBER 23, 1957

HUMOR VS. TABOO

The Sorrowful Story of the Cartoon

At right is a brutal caricature of the early nineteenth-century, by the famous English cartoonist Gillray, entitled "The Esplanade." It shows poor old King George III, no longer the arrogant autocrat of 1776, no longer young, no longer handsome, and no longer in control of his mental faculties, making his painful way along the boardwalk of a sea-resort between two aisles of vicious, sniggering idlers. The point of the drawing is twofold: alas for a nation ruled by a shabby imbecile; and alas for a country which would mock such a ruler. It is also humorous, but of a no-holds-barred brand Americans lately have seen little of. Some of the reasons we have pulled the sting out of our national wit are discussed here by Jerome Beatty, Jr., former feature editor of Collier's *and now on* SR*'s staff.*

—From "English Men and Manners in the Eighteenth Century" (Oxford-Galaxy).

By JEROME BEATTY, JR.

WE AMERICANS like to delude ourselves that we have a grand sense of humor. It may once have been so, in the days of Lincoln's deceptively hick anecdotes, or Mark Twain's savage satires, or Charlie Chaplin and Mack Sennett, but it ain't so now. These days we seem to be so insecure that we can't bear to be laughed at, or to laugh at ourselves, even though, God knows, we never needed it more. Our desperate materialism and strange values today leave no room for attack, no room for a joke which might release our tensions for a moment and let us see ourselves as we are. We are going through a stage in which we suppress any healthy humor which makes us the butt of the joke.

I don't want to tackle the whole complex sociological conundrum, but I do want to look with some care at one corner of the American humor market—the gag-cartoon—in the hope that I can turn up something useful for more general consideration. The gag-cartoons for the ten largest magazines in America—I am excluding *The New Yorker* entirely from this discussion—are picked by specially employed cartoon-editors who are just a small part of large editorial staffs and whose main objectives in life, therefore, is to avoid stepping on toes. One way to step on toes is to provoke angry Letters to the Editor about some cartoon or other, and therefore the cartoon-editor's job is to select cartoons which do not provoke angry letters. Result: an elaborate system of institutionalized taboos that have destroyed the gag-cartoon's power to make any kind of realistic comment and/or funny comment on our society.

One of the funniest cartoons I can recall showed three Near-Eastern-clad gentlemen piling into a taxicab in the desert one night. The last one in is pointing dramatically at the horizon and instructing the driver, "Follow that star!" No one ever bought this gag; it was said to be in poor taste. This a classic combination of caption and drawing, and if you try to analyze the elements of poor taste you can't find them; the gag gets funnier. But it's in the category of religious jokes,

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A REJECTED CARTOON: According to the editorial taboo, the advertising agencies want to encounter a strike neither in real life nor in the pages of magazines they help support.

which strikes fear in the hearts of magazine editors, as if the Christian religion were too unstable to withstand some gentle humor.

The Bend Over Backwards policy exercises such influence that often the editor can find several reasons for his rejection. Take the case of the cartoon showing the driver approaching the entrance to the highspeed thruway. Just before the turn onto the highway is a church; a sign outside announces in Gothic lettering, "Last Chance to Pray." This gag was turned down by at least one magazine because it ridiculed (1) automobile manufacturers, (2) religion, (3) turnpike interests. In that order of importance, too.

Another subject that is mixed up in the minds of the magazines is sex. The editors have ignored it by using meaningless cliches: the boy proposing to the girl on family divan; husband here and beautiful woman living next door; sugar-daddy and chorus girl; boss and secretary; wife at cocktail party; cigarette girl at nightclub, etc. Don't ask me to give you the gag lines for these; just look in your nearest magazine. Suffice it to say, these jokes are acceptable as long as they are so far-fetched that they don't make sense. If they appear to have some application, however, watch out!

A CARTOON editor of one mass magazine recently began to print an occasional sophisticated cartoon with a slight sex background. He got letters of such vicious nature that he lost his nerve, despite the fact that some intelligent readers sent compliments. Samples of the trouble-making gags:

1. Two young women at the movies, the screen showing a hero-heroine clinch. One woman says to the other, "In the book this page was dog-eared, smudged, and torn."

2. Man at cocktail party has pretty girl cornered. "Baby, I could go for you," he says, "if you weren't my wife."

3. Boss says to good-looking secretary, regarding automation at the office, "Don't worry about a machine taking *your* place."

Of course, if all else fails, the cartoon-editor can evoke the magic words, "poor taste." This is one of the most unfortunate phrases ever invented; more publishing crimes have been committed on good material on the grounds of "poor taste" than you can imagine. There's nothing an editor likes better than to reject a cartoon because it is in poor taste, and to say so, thus successfully killing any attempt at a pointed intelligent jab at our way of life.

One cartoon editor was telling me not long ago about the cartoon he finally got cleared for publication: two young women are talking and one says, "All an election year means to me is Gallup instead of Kinsey." He had it all scheduled for timely printing about the first part of November, when his boss saw it.

"You can't print that," he exploded. "Dr. Kinsey's dead. It's in poor taste!" The gag was written off.

The personal feelings of one man can create an in-the-house taboo which wields influence far out of proportion to its importance. One family magazine had an art director whose house caught fire and was partially destroyed. For years afterwards, until he was advanced to a position where he did not help select cartoons, the magazine had a taboo against any joke with fire in it. He would say, "I don't think it's funny, that's all."

The Dr. Kinsey incident illustrates how much of a taboo there is against "death." This covers a lot of ground. A cartoon that was never published, because it was said by the editor to be offensive, showed a pair of grave-diggers dancing with joy. They had just finished hollowing out a six-by-six plot and they had struck oil; it was gushing right out of the hole. Grave-diggers, you see, must be lugubrious at all times, or else they are making fun of our burial rites.

For some reason, it is all right to publish guillotine and firing-squad cartoons, but I never have seen an electric-chair cartoon. Perhaps the editors feel that they will hurt the feelings of their subscribers in Death Row.

Politics is a category that the mass magazines don't often fool with. Any joke on this subject is open to too many interpretations. As a result, the gags are confined to campaign cliches:

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(orator on observation car, etc.), pompous Congressmen (fat and wearing big hat, etc.), and taxpayers in trouble with internal revenue agents (villains, all). These stereotypes have no meaning in today's picture. A cartoon in which a father is telling his son: "Of course I believe Washington threw a dollar across the Rappahannock; last year Washington threw 3 billion across the Atlantic," has no chance of appearing anyplace, despite the fact that it is nothing more than a mild political joke. If it were possible for the readers to laugh at the father, and not feel that the gag hit at them personally, it could be printed. But that's too much to expect.

Jokes of social significance rarely appear where they can create an uneasy feeling in the minds of our "family" readers. One gag in which boats were picking up survivors, after what was apparently a shipwreck, showed the mate in charge of one lifeboat saying to a passenger floating in the water, "Sorry, sir, this boat is for first-class passengers only." This joke was turned down because it would be bad for the morale of boat passengers and travel agencies.

Another cartoon shows a pathetic gentleman at the optometrist's. He came to be fitted for glasses. He says, "I'd like to see things a little less clearly, please." This has been rejected at least twice, not because it isn't funny, but because it is pessimistic!

The greatest influence on the choice of cartoons is the thought of the sensitivities of the advertisers. It is infrequent that an agency or an advertiser will seriously object to a cartoon in a magazine in which he has advertising, unless it is some obvious boo-boo in which the cartoon is on the same page with the ad, and the connection is obvious. A pipe-smoking gag with a cigarette ad, for instance, might upset someone. This doesn't happen often, but nevertheless there is the strict set of taboos that concern advertising matters: no brand names or identifications. Automobiles are constantly seen in cartoons, but every cartoonist has to draw "no automobile." If it looks like a Volkswagen or Lincoln or anything in between he changes a fin and a headlight and a grill to unidentify it.

Once a magazine had a gag based directly on the Pepsi-Cola skywriting campaign. High-level editorial conferences considered how to fix this. Finally they changed the name of the drink to Zip-Cola. The gag wasn't funny any more, but at least Coca-Cola didn't complain, so everyone but the reader was amused and relaxed.

One editor tells of a joke he published once in which a good-looking girl entered a store and set off the sprinkler system. The magazine received a serious letter from a big sprinkler company, pointing out that this was an impossible eventuality, and that sprinkler systems had been put in a bad light by the implication that a "hot" babe could set them off.

The advertisers, of course, are not as narrow-minded as this example might indicate. They are very fond of cartoons, and every magazine gets a constant stream of requests from space salesmen, agency men, and businessmen asking for the original art of this or that cartoon for framing. The fact that they usually want it free doesn't detract from the point that they do occasionally appreciate being kidded—a little bit.

The New Yorker magazine is excellent proof that advertisers are not as thin-skinned as the big magazines would believe. That publication kids advertisers unmercifully, and they love it. The Hathaway Shirt man with the patch over his eye came in for a lot of ribbing. If anyone got mad it was the Arrow people, who thought they should get their share of it, too. There have been no cases of an advertiser pulling out of *The New Yorker* because his feelings were hurt by a cartoon, and there have been plenty of grounds for them to do so, too.

The New Yorker also uses the names of celebrities and people in the news, something the mass publications don't dare do, for reasons of timeliness as well as because they don't have the good editing sense to be able to handle such cartoons wisely.

This wandering discourse must lead to the matter of what is *not* forbidden in the magazine cartoons which our mothers, fathers, and children are reading. That's easy: We Americans have no compunctions about ridiculing marriage, love, hard work, Santa Claus, sobriety, friendship, public servants and so on. The "family" magazines become un-family magazines when you look at the cartoons. Husband comes home drunk, or sits at bar and makes fun of wife, who is fat and ugly. She wants new clothes in store window; he ogles pretty girl; child is disillusioned by department store or street Santa. Guests for dinner always stay too late, hosts yawn, and when guests leave they have a nasty word for each other on sidewalk. Marriage ceremony itself is awful; couple fights as they come out of church and bystanding female says, "I knew it wouldn't last." All females are gossipy, incidentally. Man asks for raise and boss probably fires him. Man doesn't deserve raise, anyway, because his coffee break lasts all day, ending when he goes into bar. Marriage proposals, of course, are the funniest thing ever. Usually the father is glad to get rid of her; the mother is behind the curtain (all cartoon homes have drapes between parlor and hall) listening in.

I could go on and show how the professions are debased in cartoons; how dangerous drivers are glorified; how dead men always humiliate the heirs; how college graduates in cap and gown always say something stupid; how manager of loan office turns down his own mother's application . . .

Is this humor?

Frank Modell here caricatures the image of the American Marriage as most editors want their cartoonists to portray it.

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THE CARTOONIST'S BITE

A quick survey of the ins-and-outs of contemporary American political cartooning, its strengths and ills, by Pierce Fredericks of The New York Times, *editor of "The People's Choice."*

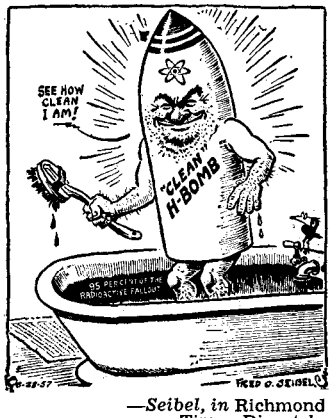
IN THEIR EXCELLENT BOOK, "A Century of Political Cartoons," Allan Nevins and Frank Weitenkampf estimated that the cartoon at left—from the old *New York World*—was the first really important newspaper cartoon in America. A round-house swing at the plutocratic pals of James G. Blaine during the campaign of 1884, it "wrought a great impression" on the electorate.

BEFORE 1884, there were a few great cartoonists like Nast and Keppler and they worked for weeklies. Today, there are something like 275 political cartoonists in the country and papers unable to afford a house man usually pick up from a syndicate.

Of the 275 laborers in the field, some are employed by the big news services to produce up-the-middle art for papers of every political persuasion. A few more are syndicated in a small way to papers who like their opinions. The great majority sweat for just one paper. Almost all of them carry a work load of four or five cartoons a week. As a result, a situation with a good obvious cartoon angle is pure joy to the brethren. Observe the unanimity of opinion on the "clean bomb":

—*Shanks, in* Buffalo Evening News

"Still No Beauty."



—*Seibel, in* Richmond Times-Dispatch

"Ring Around the Bathtub."

—*Martin, in* Houston Chronicle.

"Cleaning Him Up."

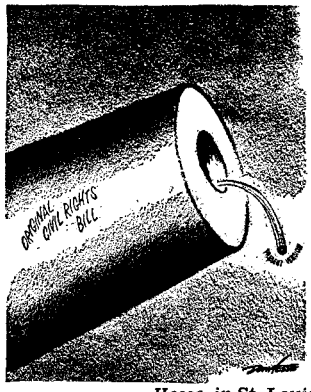
—*Thiele, in* Los Angeles Mirror-News.

"Dirty Bomb? Who? Me?"

MOREOVER, there being a limit to the number of conceivable visual gimmicks, it is not unknown for one gimmick to have to serve time in a variety of situations:

(Left) "Burp Gun."

(Right) "And It Started with Such a Bang!"



—*Hesse, in* St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—*Wood, in* Richmond News-Leader.

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DESPITE THE demands made on him, though, today's cartoonist still has a great many good things to be said for him, and the best is that he is pretty nearly the last refuge of irreverence in the Eisenhower era. It is also true that a majority of cartoonists show a sophisticated world view which befits American journalists.

Balanced against these two gold stars on the report card, there are some serious failures. The level of drawing is (with some notable exceptions) dreary. Some simply cannot draw, a great many more are styleless to a degree which suggests they learned the trade by mail order. The exceptions fall into three groups. Perhaps the strongest draftsmanship today comes from two men, Tom Little and D. J. Fitzpatrick, working in a traditional style which in some respects goes back to Art Young.

—*Little, in* Nashville Tennessean.

"Guilty!"

—*Fitzpatrick, in* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

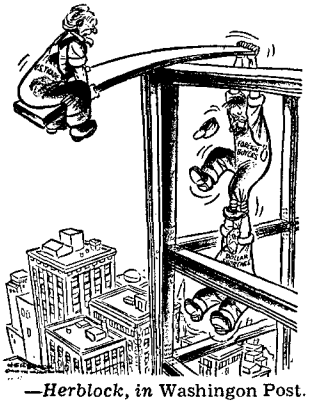
"New Liza Heading South."

—*Herblock, in* Washington Post.

NEXT COMES a school of "Think" artists dominated by Herblock. These men draw good or bad imitations of the master, but like him their long suit is really wit and news sense. It is unlikely that we have ever had a wittier cartoonist than Herblock in America and only the great Englishman Low is his equal anywhere in the world today.

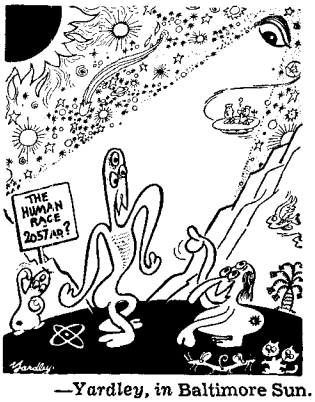
(Left) "It's Time to Get Into My Roomier-than-ever Car and Get the Kids at the More Crowded-than-ever School."

(Right) "Say, You're in a Tough Spot There."



—*Herblock, in* Washingon Post.

FINALLY, there are a few faint signs that the tides which have ripped over modern art will some day communicate themselves to the cartoon field. The signs are by no means overwhelming, but there are a few men like Yardley and Green whose work has in one way or another some touch of "modern."



—*Yardley, in* Baltimore Sun.

"See—Radiation Didn't Hurt Us a Bit."

—*Green, in* Providence Journal.

"So Far, Successfully Navigated."

IT MAY BE argued that the greatest fault of cartoons today is that, like the newspaper business in general, most of them are on the conservative side. Actually this is less alarming than it seems, for if the conservatives have most of the manpower, the liberals have most of the real talent. If the balance were otherwise, the heterodoxy would promptly harden into an orthodoxy and we should have to start all over again. Indeed, this may even be happening, as the Modern Republicans make off with more and more of the old Democratic platform.

Liberal or conservative, good artist or bad, it is most worrisome that the cartoonist too often fails as a newsman. Too many cartoons see a new story as a variation on an older one, too often the elements which give it its distinctive importance are not singled out. Considering that a newspaper cartoonist is a newspaperman first and a cartoonist second, it is a shame that so many cartoons simply noted, for instance, Marshal Bulganin's fading at the Kremlin and so few saw clearly its crucial tie with the Khrushchev-Zhukov rivalry.

Indeed, in the very area where the cartoonist should be most incisive—his own backyard—there is a notable lack of material. A man with only the most routine gifts is still better equipped than anyone else to do a job on his own city hall or state house. Nast's finest moments are those in which he was beating Tammany to death. Cartooning could do much worse than revive the tradition of raising hell in the home pasture.

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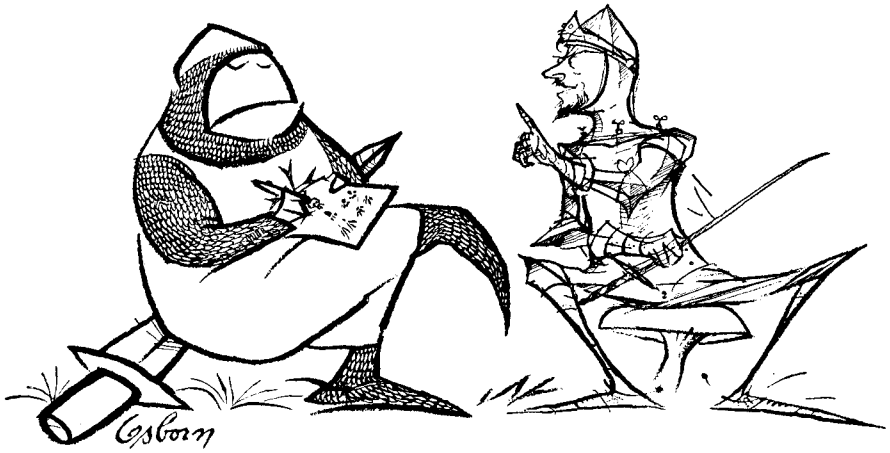

"Osborn Interviewing Searle—Actual View of the Scene," by Robert Osborn.

THE EMASCULATION OF AMERICAN HUMOR

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Recently, at the request of the "Window on the World" series of the British Information Services, the American artist Robert Osborn interviewed the British artist Ronald Searle on the modern fate of cartooning. The following is an edited account of the results.*

OSBORN: What accounts for the difference between American and English cartoons? Are the English more subtle?

SEARLE: Well, when you say "subtle" maybe what you're pointing out is that we have a lot less territory to cover than you have. There's not so much difference in basic human behavior the world round, so it must be the environment that causes the differences in humor.

OSBORN: But, now, can you explain why the British have such rapier-like and thoughtful political cartoons, while, by and large, we have nothing of the kind over here in America?

SEARLE: I've been fascinated for years that this huge country should be willing to tolerate such a lack of sharp political cartooning. With only one or two exceptions, nothing here begins to match what you find in Europe. Part of the reason may lie in the want of a graphic tradition. It was in the eighteenth century that Hogarth, Gillray, Rawlinson, and Cruikshank really matured the art of satirical drawing. Gillray went to the extent of doing some very ferocious lampoons of the king, George III. In fact, these men went beyond what would probably be permissible in England today, but we still remember them and try, to an extent, to come up to their standards of power and wit. The idea of a cartoon, roughly, is to sum up in nine or ten perfectly drawn lines a very complex situation, as all political situations are, by tearing off the masks and conventions with which public figures invariably conceal their enterprises. Americans seem to shy away from the all-out attack which this sort of comment requires, and so you've never built up any tradition of it.

OSBORN: Certainly it's true, I think, that here political careers aren't made and broken on the basis of a cartoon, as is conceivable in England.

SEARLE: Now in England the political cartoonist is entirely independent. Once a paper has hired him they leave him alone. If they don't like his work over a period of time they can of course fire him, but they don't attempt to influence his style or "message." Sometimes I get the impression that the American cartoonist is out

—*Baron.*

RONALD SEARLE, *master of a thin English pen, is the creator of St. Trinian's belles and a thousand mythical edifices which attack the bondage of the human spirit to iron and cement.*

ROBERT OSBORN, *a proud and irreverent Connecticutter, chronicles the Psyche and her brood. He especially likes to anatomize the egos and ids of grey-flannel Madison Avenuers.*

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to please too many people—both in and out of the office.

OSBORN: Even one of our finest men, a friend of mine, says that he goes in in the morning with five different ideas and then his editor selects the one he wants. In England Vicky, let's say, comes in and hands over his drawing with "Well, here it is for today," and that's what they print.

SEARLE: It's a pity your political cartoons aren't stronger. An artist with a strong mind and a strong line can be a great national asset. He can make people understand and feel things that they never could expect to understand or feel by reading the full newspaper accounts or the government reports.

OSBORN: Another thing that occurs to me is that by frankly and openly attacking a man you are testifying to a certain respect for him. Over here we tend to try to please everyone, to try not to hurt anyone's feelings. But the implication of this is that we want everyone to conform to a general pattern; the principle of being nice to everybody is a kind of insult to the whole human race.

SEARLE: In any case, bad as I think the majority of American cartoonists are, you have four or five who are probably finer than any in the world. These few men have first-class techniques and first-class, sophisticated intellects. But below them is rubbish. Perhaps we English can't match your top men, but our general level is higher; we have a gradation from good to bad, not the yawning chasm you have in America.

OSBORN: What do you think is responsible for so much bad work? The magazines?

SEARLE: I would suppose so. Most of your magazines must aim for the highest possible circulation, and therefore they aim for a common denominator in all their contents—including cartoons. So what you have are innumerable cartoonists who have no personal style, whose work looks so much alike that you can't distinguish one from the other. And they use the same subject-matter: the servant-girl, the little lawn-mowers, the little doggies, the lady carrying her parcels. You can't develop first-rate people like that.

OSBORN: Of course, the good man won't stand for it. He'll quit, even if the roof falls in on him and his family.

SEARLE: Right now I detect a sort of marrying of the American and European styles. A great man like Saul Steinberg is an example. This is fine for him; the danger lies in the pseudo-Steinbergs, the Steinberg-imitators. Fortunately, I personally am left-handed, so a lot of people can't draw my way. And if too many lefthanded cartoonists do appear, so that my way becomes a rat-race, I'll start using my feet. The reason plagiarism so maddens an artist is that a man has to put in so much labor into developing his skill and style. I've tried to draw ever since I was a young boy; I used to get paid a dollar a week doing the weekly cartoon for the local paper. Of course, my work wasn't any good, but I was learning. Then the Army put me into a camouflage unit.

OSBORN: Then the Japanese captured you.

SEARLE: That was the turning point for me, and a lot of people. I was captured when Singapore fell, and for four years I stayed a prisoner, drawing like mad. You learn how to feel things in a prison-camp, and I was lucky enough to learn how to draw what I feel. But let's talk about you. The people who inhabit your cartoons are the most neurotic individuals, suffering from hangovers, ulcers, noncopings. Do you really think Americans are that way?

OSBORN: I'm not sure that right now people all over the world aren't that way. We don't live in the nineteenth century. We are *all* harassed—*whether we know it or not*—by interior psychological pressures or exterior bombs and fall-outs. One sees all sorts of people coming quietly apart—or trying to hold things together with alcohol—or behaving as though this was the Age of Beasts. And I don't think that any amount of smiley advertising and fake togetherness can conceal how little we like to observe the sharpest relations of things.

SEARLE: But Americans are such a nice people. This is my first trip over to the States, and I must say that I've had here one of the finest working periods of my life. I hope after what I've said I'll be allowed to come again.

OSBORN: I think you will be, and I hope you'll make it soon.

—From Ronald Searle's "The Female Approach" (Knopf).

"Don't go yet. I'm told there may be some sherry if you hang around long enough."

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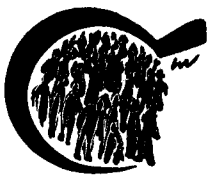
The Red Lodestar



"The Opium of the Intellectuals," by Raymond Aron *(Doubleday. 324 pp. $5), is a French philosopher-sociologist's analysis of the hold that Marxist ideology has for literary people. Sidney Hook, professor of philosophy at New York University, reviews it.*

By SIDNEY HOOK

IDEAS alone do not make or explain history. To the extent, however, that history is the result of activity consciously undertaken, few great events can be understood without reference to the ideas and ideals which have inspired them. Some vulgar followers of Marx have assumed that because ideas are effects they cannot ever themselves become decisive causes. But this assumption has been called into question by an historical event which is universally regarded as among the most significant in the twentieth century—the Russian Revolution of October 1917. It is not hard to show that the Revolution and the social system it produced by political action in this economically underdeveloped country were far more a result of the idea-system of the Bolsheviks, especially their interpretations and their misinterpretations of Marx, than of the alleged needs of the mode of economic production.

Raymond Aron, the distinguished French sociologist, does not believe that ideologies are all-important in human affairs. Neither does he believe they are negligible. The heretical beliefs of one generation of opinion-makers, the writers, critics, and teachers, may become the orthodoxies of the next generation, if not at home then abroad. Convinced that the ideology of Communism in its varied and nebulous forms has been, and still is, a powerful force among the intellectuals of France and certain Asian countries like Japan and India, Mr. Aron in "The Opium of the Intellectuals" submits its key assumptions to a devastating critique.

Marx referred to religion as "the opium of the people" at a time when the connotation of the term "opium" and of the "use" of opium was somewhat different from the present. Simone Weil, interpreting Marxism as a secular religion, charged that it itself was an opiate of the people. More accurately, since no people has ever been persuaded of Marxism, M. Aron contends that it is the opium of the "intellectuals." By the "intellectuals" he means primarily the highly articulate group of French men of letters, of whom Jean-Paul Sartre is the most representative figure, whose influence extends to many countries in Europe and Asia.

Secondarily, the author is referring to that section of the literate public anywhere which regards the purely material achievements of the Soviet Union as more significant to mankind than its cost in human suffering and freedom. By Marxism he means those interpretations of Marx's ideas advanced by intellectuals who have first become sympathetic to Communism as a political and social system and then sought a justification for their commitment in some Marxist ideological construction. He regards their ideology as an opiate not because it leads to passivity but because it plunges their minds into a hopeless and dangerous confusion. One generic form of this confusion is to excuse, and often condone, endemic wholesale terror in the Communist empire. When they hear, say, of the political kidnapping of children, they want to know before they utter judgment *whose* children they are, of *what* class and side. What they relentlessly and properly criticize from a humanistic point of view in their own milieu they magnanimously forgive as part of the logic of History or the cost of Progress beyond the Iron Curtain.

Aron's polemic is not directed against the Communist Party functionary or rank-and-filer who has openly enrolled as an enemy against the free world and is prepared to run risks for his convictions. It is those whom he calls *communisants* who are the targets of his analysis, the fellow-traveling sympathizers without a sense of proportion or justice. They are the critics who continually compare the existing institutions of their country with an abstract ideal of perfection but not with the realities of yesterday or the practices existing elsewhere. Their vocation as intellectuals justifies them in exercising their inalienable right, recognized by our free culture, to dissent from its ideals and practices. But they betray this vocation when they do so in the interest of a totalitarian system which would destroy the very possibility of dissent.

In the course of his discussion of the thought ways of the French *communisants* Aron explodes the political myths in terms of which they rationalize their asymmetrical moralism. The first is "the myth of the Left." Developing a view already made familiar by Arthur Koestler, Aron shows

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THE AUTHOR: At fifty-two, Raymond Aron is one of France's most industrious and influential laborers in the world of ideas. A small, almost frail man, his working schedule would faze a less energetic intellectual. Half a million Frenchmen read the two columns he writes each day for the powerful *Le Figaro*. Students crowd the classrooms of the Institute d'Etudes Politiques where he lectures, while thousands of others tune in on his frequent radio talks on current political events. Yet Aron recognizes that his influence is confined to France (although his articles are published in foreign magazines) and is largely among its intellectuals. "They are the *enfants chéris* of France," he says, "and yet they have no influence. I say in all seriousness that the dearest desire of our novelists and intellectuals is to become ministers and the dearest desire of our ministers is to become novelists and intellectuals." Although neither a minister nor a novelist, Aron has on occasion served as adviser to heads of state. When his series of articles advocating a more stable system of government for France appeared in *Le Figaro*, the President and the head of the Assembly called in Aron to amplify his suggestions. His role as an active intellectual is a relatively recent one. Before World War II his life was more quiet and professorial. A lawyer's son, he left his native Paris to study and teach philosophy at the University of Cologne in the early Thirties. When Hitler took over Germany Aron moved to Le Havre, where he replaced Sartre as philosophy professor at the lycée. In World War II he joined de Gaulle in London as editor of *La France Libre*. By the war's end he was deep in journalism, becoming a columnist for the daily *Combat*. From there it was but a short step to *Le Figaro*. Today he lives with his wife and two children in the fashionable Passy section, like many another French intellectual he likes to muse while strolling along the quais. But his musing and strolling hours grow less frequent. Along with his journalistic and lecturing chores, he's now deep in a three-volume work on the sociological aspects of war. —ROLLENE WATERMAN.

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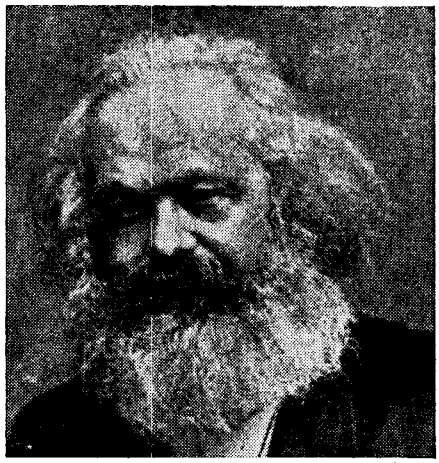
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—Erich Hartmann.

Jean-Paul Sartre, Karl Marx, Arthur Koestler—"myths are reinforced by the idolatry of history."

that although the antithesis between Left and Right has become largely meaningless, the French intellectual would rather be Left than right. This myth of the Left is associated with "the myth of the Revolution" which exalts the notion of sudden, total, and even violent change as if it were always desirable, as if its glory always justified its cost and made it preferable to the prosiness of gradual reform. The very word "Revolution," says Aron, has a semantic fascination for French intellectuals whether they are Christian, Socialist, Gaullist, Communist, or Existentialist. Everyone talks Revolution, few understand what they really mean by it, no one even dreams of making it. By a curious verbal transference every avant-garde movement in every field which claims to be "revolutionary" adds to the prestige of the concept which is exploited most skilfully by the Communists, who are really the deadliest enemies of nonconformism.

THE third myth which bedevils the French intellectual is "the myth of the proletariat." In Marx's writings the proletariat signifies the skilled industrial workers. Because of their strategic role and position in society, Marx regarded them as the most reliable base of the social movement. Developments in Western economy since Marx wrote, and partly because of the very influence of Marx on social legislation and trade-union organization, have made the assumption that the proletariat is necessarily revolutionary or even unified in its aims quite dubious. Many French intellectuals blissfully unconcerned about changes in the economic structure of society glorify *the* proletariat not only as the keeper of the sacred revolutionary flame but as the repository of all the virtues of humanity. What is even worse, they then proceed as in the case of Sartre, to identify the interests of this ideal but unreal proletariat with the interests of the very real but far from ideal Communist Party. To criticize the latter, despite its imperfections and crimes, is really to criticize the proletariat and ultimately to become, in the words of Sartre, "the enemy of mankind and oneself." The rationalism of the Enlightenment thus becomes transformed by the Left into a kind of servile Byzantinism whose Pope in the Kremlin, although admittedly fallible, is beyond radical political criticism.

These myths are reinforced by the fetishism or idolatry of history and the illusion of historical necessity which, despite the assumptions of their own metaphysics, have led the leading French Existentialists to equate opposition, especially a defeated opposition, with treason to mankind irrespective of such trivial matters as evidence of legal and moral innocence. This entire complex of ideas has generated an unlimited credulity about a classless and stateless society which in Hegelian fashion makes its way to higher levels by using imperfect human instruments. In this way the *communisants* can shrug off the multiple evidence of Communist terror and cruelty, whether of the total Stalinist variety or of the paler Khrushchev type, without any sense of guilt or complicity. The tyrants and executioners are carrying out the inevitable laws of history. This extenuation of their work in advance naturally does not make things more difficult for them.

As a Frenchman, Aron can say things about French intellectuals that an American would hardly be forgiven for saying no matter how true. He makes short shrift of Sartre, whom he convicts of writing about America and Americans in the same style and logic as Goebbels employed against the Jews. (Since Budapest, Sartre has regurgitated some of his apologies for the Communist cause. It is still uncertain, however, whether he will not prepare another dialectical dish for the edification of those whose stomachs, still accustomed to the Kremlin's political diet, are too weak for the crudities of the French Communist Party.) He exposes the simplistic thinking of Merleau-Ponty, whose macabre book "Humanisme et Terreur" argues in effect that any basic criticism of the Kremlin is impermissible: such criticism at best betrays lack of faith in history and humanity, at worst it is a provocation to war. Therefore, whatever the evidence one must accept the verdict of the Moscow Trials! What seems especially revolting to Aron is the spectacle of Christian-Communists or "progressive Christians" like those connected at one time with the magazine *Esprit*, who gloss over the infamies of Communism as if they were nothing but the deserved consequences of the iniquities of the free world, and who are prepared to support the general line of the Communist Party if only it could see its way clear to make some slight concessions to the Church. Aron quotes some shocking passages from the writings of those "progressive Christians" who were "worker-priests" in which condemnation of the Marshall Plan, Social Democracy, "the narcotic of religion," and praise for the Communist Party as "the guide of the proletariat" are mixed up, in about the same proportion of ingredients as found in a *Pravda* editorial, but served up with a pious sauce.

M. Aron tries to explain the influence of these sophisticated yet silly people in terms of French cultural traditions. France gives weight to the judgment of men of letters on any subject on which they choose to deliver themselves independently of their lack of special, intellectual qualifications or even elementary informa-

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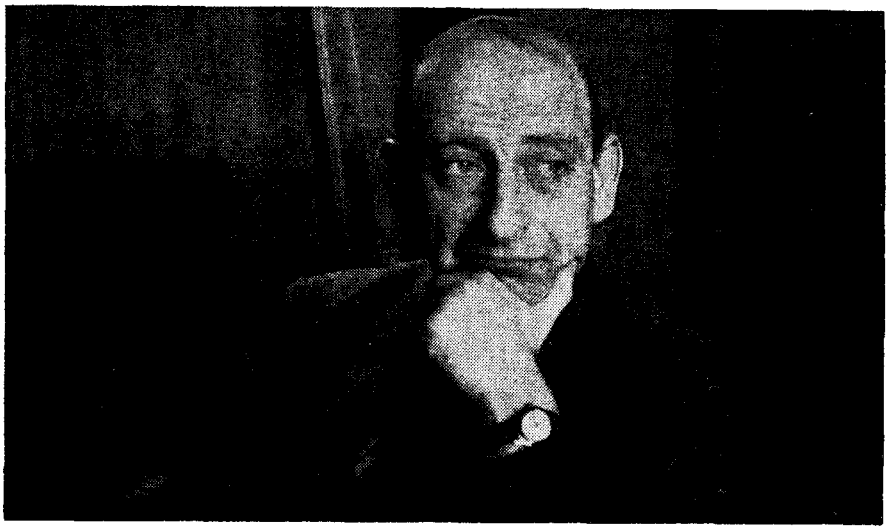
tion. I am not convinced that this explains the phenomenon of the recent and current political influence of the *communisants*. For it is obvious that the French public is less likely to give ear to them when they sing the virtues of Communism than when they damn American democracy. Nor am I convinced that he answers adequately the question why those who live in France, "the intellectuals' paradise," should seek to destroy it and their own vocation as well. "Why do so many intellectuals," he asks, "take exception to a society which provides them with honorable standards of living (considering the collective resources of the country), puts no impediments in their way, and proclaims that the works of the mind represent the supreme value?" I am inclined to agree with him that economic reasons enter only peripherally. But I am doubtful of his own view that the intellectuals' hostility is to be explained by their sense of exclusion from the political controls of French life or their sense of preaching in the wilderness or being defrauded of their due. For there is little evidence that they actually desire political responsibility, or would be denied it if they worked through existing political organizations. And there is considerable evidence provided by Aron himself that they enjoy a prestige and influence and moral status, despite their cruel and callous indifference to the sufferings of the victims of History, not likely to be equaled in any Communist society. The subject requires further exploration but Raymond Aron's study is an indispensable starting point.

This book is full of illuminating insights. Although criticized sometimes as a man of the Right, Aron shows the absurdity of that characterization if it suggests standpattism or unintelligent conservatism. He is an illusioned liberal sensitive to the plurality of factors in history, undogmatic and free of fanaticism. Prepared to engage himself in behalf of the cause of freedom, he does not, like Sartre and others, excommunicate from the human race those who contend against him. In places he seems to be a bit doctrinaire about the possibility of planning in a democratic society, and his assertion that "every impulse towards global planning is doomed to end in tyranny" smacks a bit of the a priorism which he so justly condemns in other French intellectuals. One does not have to plan everything. English and American life as well as certain international agencies show a kind of planning—certainly more than an impulse—that does not threaten freedom but provides a firmer base for it.

Aron on the Intellectuals



• "ENGLISH writers of the avant-garde, whose names are probably unknown in the House of Commons, are overcome with rapture when they come to Paris and settle down in Saint Germain-des-Près. They at once develop a passionate interest in politics, a subject the dispiriting sobriety of which at home discourages their attention. And indeed the discussions they will hear in Paris are elaborated with a subtlety that cannot but enthral those who live by the mind. The last article of Jean-Paul Sartre is a political event, or at least it is greeted as such by a circle of people which, though narrow, is convinced of its own importance. The political ambitions of successful French novelists collide with the literary ambitions of successful French statesmen, who dream of writing novels just as others dream of becoming Ministers.

"It will be said that this impression is a superficial one, that this paradise is reserved for the tourist trade. There are few intellectuals who manage to live by their pens. Schoolteachers and university professors have to make do on their meager salaries, scientists work in ill-equipped laboratories. One may speculate on the case of an intellectual, rich in glory and in royalties, who nevertheless places his pen at the service of an ill-defined revolution, but one forgets all those who are embittered by the contrast between the profits (undeclared) of businessmen, shopkeepers, surgeons, and lawyers and the modesty of their own condition."

• "The man in the street is all too disposed to resentment against the too-powerful ally, all too prone to the bitterness from national weakness, to nostalgia for past glory and hope for a different and better future. But the intellectuals ought to restrain these popular emotions, ought to show the inescapable reasons for permanent solidarity and interdependence. Instead of fulfilling the role of guides, they prefer, especially in France, to betray their mission, to encourage the ignorant feelings of the masses by adducing hypocritical justifications for them. In fact their quarrel with the United States is a way of rationalizing their own guilt.

"In most countries the intellectuals are even more anti-American than the man in the street. Some of the outbursts of Sartre at the time of the Korean war or the Rosenberg case recall those of the Nazis against the Jews. The United States is represented as the embodiment of everything most detested."

• "The Soviet Union purges and subjugates the intellectuals, but at least it takes them seriously. It was intellectuals who gave to the Soviet regime the grandiose and equivocal doctrine out of which the bureaucrats have developed a state religion. Even today, when discussing class conflicts or the relations of production, they savor at once the joys of theological argument, the austere satisfactions of scientific controversy, and the ecstatic thrill of mediation on universal history. The analysis of the American reality will never provide pleasures as rare as these. The United States does not persecute its intellectuals enough to enjoy in its turn the turbid attractions of terror; it gives a few of them, temporarily, a prestige and glory which can compete with that of the film stars or baseball players; but it leaves the majority in the shadows. Persecution is more bearable to the intelligentsia than indifference."

—*From "The Opium of the Intellectuals," by Raymond Aron (Doubleday).*

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DOGMA OF THE CENTURY: Alfred G. Meyer's **"Leninism"** (Harvard University Press, $5.50) is an excellently documented, thoughtfully conceived, beautifully written, and keenly stimulating analysis of the ideology that has rocked the twentieth century. Dr. Meyer believes that early in his career Lenin labored to impose a bureaucratic organization upon the revolutionary movement and then later compiled the results of his years of study of this world in flux into a reintegration of Marxism as a vital, dynamic doctrine. All too frequently Western statesmen are happy to shrug off Leninism as an ideology of expediency, unworthy in a scholarly sense of serious attention. Dr. Meyer does not share this viewpoint, because, as he points out, "unconsciously, or consciously, every Communist leader looks back to Lenin for guidance in solving his problems and understanding the world. Their image of the outside world, their approach to the solution of problems—everything they see and everything they do is couched in the imagery of Lenin's ideas." Far too often Leninism, which "combines bold, new visions with stubborn, old-fashioned nonsense," is examined not as a doctrine but as a source of irritation. "Why should people become Leninists?" is unfortunately a more critical question than "What is Leninism?" Dr. Meyer addresses himself only to the latter question, and this is proper. He does not feel that a knowledge of nineteenth-century Russian social thought is an "essential precondition" to understanding Leninism, and many students of Russian history would probably disagree. Still, even this failing does not detract from the over-all value of the work.

—MARVIN L. KALB.

CIVIL WAR

AS THE centennial years of the Civil War loom closer, authors and publishers are increasing their efforts to record every episode and aspect of the conflict that occupies a larger place in the national consciousness than any segment of our past. Between them, they may eventually kill off interest in the Civil War for years to come. Too many books based on too little research and concerned with relatively minor themes are flooding the market. While new information of significant nature about any historical period is always welcome, our existing knowledge of the Civil War is impressively vast. Except for a few areas of the war, we do not need continued investigation. What we require are mature efforts to analyze the voluminous materials available and to interpret them in terms of American history as a whole. —T. HARRY WILLIAMS.

Untouched by Better Angels

"This Was Andersonville," by John McElroy, edited by Roy Meredith *(McDowell, Obolensky. 355 pp. $12.50), is a collection of articles about the infamous Civil War prison written by a man who was an inmate. Earl Schenck Miers, who reviews it, is the author of "Gettysburg" and other books.*

By Earl Schenck Miers

TO FIND an example comparable to Andersonville for the horror and degradation that a war produces, one must turn to World War II and the prison camps of Belsen and Dachau or the Death March in the Philippines. MacKinlay Kantor's now classic novel gave the American public a pretty strong dose of Andersonville two years ago, but those who feel they would like another and equally strong dose of how, in America, man's inhumanity to man can operate, will not be disappointed by John McElroy's memoirs, now published as "This Was Andersonville" and edited by Roy Meredith.

With passion, bitterness, and considerable skill as a war reporter, McElroy set himself to tasks that were not in the mind of MacKinlay Kantor. McElroy hated the South and its people; Jefferson Davis, Alexander Hamilton Stephens, Howell Cobb, and the other chief functionaries of the Confederate government were to him war criminals of the sorriest kind; his book must be judged against this bias.

Right at the start, in fairness to the Confederacy, certain basic truths should be stated. The Confederacy did not invent prison camps. The Union ran an open prison stockade at Elmira, N. Y., to cite one example, that, in Lincoln's phrase, was not touched "by the better angels of our spirit." As far as such statistics ever can be official, fifteen out of every hundred Federal soldiers died in Southern prisons, and twelve out of every hundred Rebel soldiers died in Northern stockades. In short, both North and South were playing in the major leagues.

But Andersonville was the worst. With its Dead Line, its unnecessary and brutal overcrowding, its sadistic and ruthless prison keepers like Winder and Wirz, its food shortages that at least were understandable, Andersonville gave the horror of the Civil War a new dimension. If this was whither slavery and secession (and only the strange, legalistic mind of a Jefferson Davis could conceive of one without the other) led in defeat, then it was as well that the Confederacy didn't triumph. For Andersonville was the symbol of the collapse of a legal argument that the war was supposed to settle in a single stroke.

McElroy, as violently opposed to the idea behind secession as any man who ever lived, recalls his experiences at

"Exchanged Prisoners from Andersonville Cheering the Colors."

—*"This Was Andersonville."*

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Andersonville with an emotional intensity that even Kantor cannot surpass. He is stunned in his soul by what he sees, by what he feels, by what he comes to know about the underside of human nature. He describes it all in graphic detail, and in his passages dealing with the New York toughs or "Raiders" who dominate the prison with gangster tactics he achieves a kind of masterpiece. Originally McElroy's memoirs ran as a series of articles in the Toledo *Blade*. More than three thousand former inmates of Andersonville wrote him letters praising the accuracy of his reports, and his book appeared in 1866.

Mr. Meredith's impartial introduction is really fine—indeed, a contribution to the literature of the war. His editing is imaginative and in good taste, and he supplies adequate annotation. His album of photographs may present the standard pictures, but they are the right ones.

Admit McElroy's bias, Mr. Meredith's calm judgment in putting the whole record into proper perspective, and your own strong stomach, and "This Was Andersonville" will show you a side of American history that was suffered in vain if its lessons are not heeded.

Captivating Confederate

***"Jeb Stuart: The Last Cavalier," by Burke Davis** (Rinehart. 462 pp. $6), is an impressionistic biography of the colorful Confederate cavalry raider. Professor James W. Livingood of the University of Chattanooga, who reviews it here, is co-author of "A Different Valor," a biography of Joseph E. Johnston, the Confederate general.*

By James W. Livingood

"FORM fours! Draw saber! Charge!" Troopers knew the clear, penetrating voice. It was that of the hero of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia and idol of the Southern people. At West Point before his graduation in 1854 fellow students ironically called him "Beauty," for they saw little comeliness in the broad-shouldered, powerfully built youth from southwestern Virginia. As he rose rapidly in rank during the early months of the Confederacy, a thick mustache and a huge cinnamon-colored beard hid his youth but his "loud apparel" reflected his zest for life and possibly recalled to intimates the large number of demerits he had accumulated as a cadet.

James Ewell Brown Stuart was a supreme Virginia patriot who resigned his commission in the U.S. Army immediately after his native state seceded from the Union. His experience had been chiefly with the First Cavalry after its organization in 1855, so the twenty-eight-year-old veteran soon found a place in the mounted troops in the command of Joseph E. Johnston. His skill in reconnaissance, vigilance on the outposts, and spirited assaults were clearly demonstrated before the confused Patterson in the Valley and in the decisive action of the First Manassas. "He is a rare man," his commander wrote in endorsing Stuart for promotion in August, "wonderfully endowed by nature with the qualities for an officer of light cavalry. Calm, firm, active, and enterprising, I know of no one more competent than he to estimate the occurrences before him at their true value."

Eighteen hundred sixty-two was Jeb Stuart's year. In June he and his men rode completely around the huge army of McClellan, noting Federal dispositions, creating great commotion, and setting a style for Confederate cavalry raids. His venturesome spirit caught the imagination of his fellows. The fact that he so clearly eluded the Federal cavalry, led by the Virginian, General Philip St. George Cooke, gave the episode a ring of personal triumph, for Cooke was his own father-in-law, and his continued service with the United States galled Stuart bitterly. A second bold expedition that summer stung Pope's command, and another dramatic ride around McClellan carried Stuart into southern Pennsylvania in the fall.

There was a sporting quality about these ventures which seemed to become objectives in themselves to the publicity-conscious Stuart, and some feared that he could never resist the slightest temptation to indulge in the theatrical. The Gettysburg campaign confirmed this view although Jeb never accepted defeat or acknowledged the fact that his management of

Pick of the Paperbacks

THE MANNER IS ORDINARY. *By John LaFarge. Image. 95¢.* The editor of the Jesuit weekly *America* recounts his many active years in the Society of Jesus.

THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS. *By Harvie Branscomb. Abingdon. $1.50.* A straightforward presentation of the gospels with information about their dates, sources, and authorship.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. *By G. K. Chesterton. Image. 65¢.* The English essayist's appealing portrait of the gentle saint who called the wolf his "brother."

MARTIN LUTHER: Road to Reformation. *By Heinrich Boehmer. Translated by John Doberstein and Theodore Tappert. Living Age. $1.45.* The story of Martin Luther and the early years of the Protestant Reformation set against the historical background of the sixteenth century.

WHAT THE CHRISTIAN HOPES FOR IN SOCIETY. *Edited by Wayne H. Cowan. Reflection. 50¢.* Collected essays from *Christianity and Crisis,* by such leading Protestant thinkers as Reinhold Niebuhr and Paul Tillich, that discuss the meaning of Christianity in the twentieth century.

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY? *By Adolf Harnack. Translated by Thomas Saunders. Torchbooks. $1.35.* These essays in theological history, delivered at the University of Berlin in 1900, pertain today to modern questions in theology.

THE MEANING OF PAUL FOR TODAY. *By C. H. Dood. Living Age. $1.35.* An interpretation of Pauline thought and its relevance to contemporary life, by an English professor of divinity.

EXISTENCE TODAY. THE LUTHERAN HERITAGE. LIFE IN COMMUNITY. *Edited by Harold C. Letts. Muhlenberg. 3 vols. $4.75.* Fourteen Lutheran scholars discuss the question "What is the relationship of the Christian faith to the secular world of our day?"

THE BEGINNING AND THE END. *By Nicolas Berdyaev. Torchbooks. $1.35.* The Russian philosopher's statement of his own thought, relating his ideas to those of other European philosophers.

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the cavalry made it unserviceable to Lee. Nor did the Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia lose confidence in the happy cavalier whose military judgment was usually sound. Stuart did noble work at such places as Chancellorsville, Brandy Station, and in the Wilderness campaign until the mortal wound delivered at Yellow Tavern brought an end to his romantic career.

When there was hard fighting Stuart was in its midst; but while resting, refitting, or recuperating his infectious personality was unrestrained and headquarters echoed with joyous times. Although he was a devoted husband and very religious, Jeb was a great ladies' man, the personification of chivalry to Southern womanhood. His camp was a mecca of mirth. There was always music; fiddlers, Negro dancers and singers, Mulatto Bob on the bones, and Sam Sweeney on the banjo constantly kept things gay.

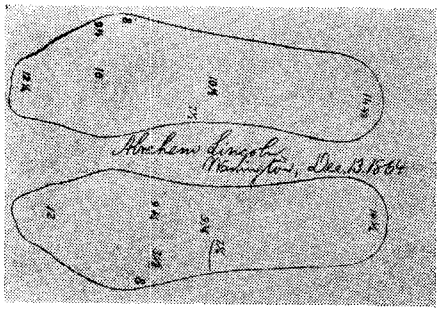
The dash of the warrior, the vanity of the soldier in the plumed hat, the spectacular exploits of the cavalry, and the color of the camp retinue are perfect ingredients for the impressionistic style of writing that comes naturally to Burke Davis. Using the observations and experiences of those who were there, in "Jeb Stuart: The Last Cavalier" he captures the thrill of the gallop, the strain of the gruelling rides, and the satisfaction of the unexpected strike. He superbly catches Stuart in his exuberant way of relaxing, at his careless ease, and amid the splendor of the grand reviews.

Jeb Stuart offers Mr. Burke more latitude in this type of presentation than he enjoyed in his recent biographical studies of Jackson and Lee. But as Jeb was tempted to follow dramatic exploits without seeing the disservice he was doing to the Army or overanxiously disclosed the vulnerability of Federal positions to the foe, Davis is tempted to rely on the color and flavor of historical writing. As a consequence he is at times careless in his reporting, as in the section on the Peninsula campaign, or passes over with ease the logistical, strategic, and political problems which confounded all Confederate commanders.

THEY CALLED HIM "BEAST": "These women evidently know which end of them looks the best," said General Benjamin Franklin Butler when six New Orleans girls demonstrated Confederate sympathy by turning their backs upon him. The incident occurred in May 1862, during the Union general's military rule of New Orleans. Shortly afterward Butler decreed that any woman who showed contempt for a United States officer should "be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation." Outraged Southerners promptly coined the phrase "Beast Butler," but Hans Louis Trefousse makes it clear in **"Ben Butler: The South Called Him Beast!"** (Twayne, $5) that his man was something more than an insulter of Southern womanhood. Primarily Butler was a shrewd, tough-minded, self-seeking Massachusetts politician, who gained enough prestige in Republican circles to force Lincoln to take his military pretensions seriously, and who after the war became a vociferous Congressional advocate of the impeachment of President Andrew Johnson. As Governor of Massachusetts in the 1880s he championed Negro rights, woman suffrage, and labor reforms. Colorful, demagogic, Benjamin Butler was, concludes the author, "slightly tarnished perhaps, but productive of good nonetheless." —HAL BRIDGES.

Abraham Lincoln and the political general, B. F. Butler, in a cartoon etching by Dr. Adalbert Johann Volck.

BACK IN 1952 Stefan Lorant offered Civil War buffs a welcome Christmas present —a volume containing all the known photographs of Abraham Lincoln. This week he offers it in a new, improved version: "Lincoln: A Picture Story of His Life" (Harper, $7.50). The "improvements" include two lately discovered pictures, corrections of the original edition's errors, an updated bibliography, material about Lincoln stereoscopic pictures, a series of *Punch* cartoons attacking Lincoln, sections on the assassination and the conspirators.



The President outlined his foot dimensions for a New York shoemaker.

Life charcoal sketch drawn by Albert Hunt a few weeks before the assassination.

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The Saturday Review

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No Bargain Basement for Higher Education

WE ARE approaching a showdown in the situation of the American private college and university.

Endowments in most cases will not be enough. Support from foundations and corporations will not be enough. Federal aid will not be enough—if, indeed, there will be any Federal aid at all. Present tuition fees will not be enough.

Thus, at precisely the time when more students demand higher education than ever before, the private colleges and universities are confronted with the gravest problems in their history.

One obvious line of attack for the non-tax-supported school would be to raise tuition costs. Yet it is equally obvious that high tuition costs should not have the effect of reducing college enrolment and depriving large numbers of qualified students of a higher education. In any event, the chairman of the President's Committee on Education Beyond High School, Devereux C. Josephs, has advocated that the student pay a greater share of the cost of his education.

The basic question, therefore, is how to increase tuition without decreasing the educational potential. A new approach is necessary. Such an approach accepts the need for higher tuition fees to meet the cost of education, but it seeks to do this on a long-term basis, with the undergraduate himself participating in the plan.

By way of background for this suggestion, let us review some facts. For some years higher education has been made available at bargain prices. The student could buy for a $1,000 annual tuition fee a course of instruction that necessitated an outlay of at least twice that sum. Result: an annual deficit that had to be made up in various ways. Chief source of meeting the deficit was income from endowments. Contributions from business and, more recently, from the larger foundations were other major deficit-reducing factors.

Endowments, however, are carrying less and less of the load. They no longer can guarantee the solvency of the old schools and they are not going to be plentiful enough to create the necessary new ones. In 1940 income for colleges and universities from endowments was 26 per cent of total income; by 1950 it was 14 per cent, and it is still dropping.

As a result, there has been a tremendous step-up in fund-raising activity among the graduates of all private colleges and universities. Alumni groups are reported to have given their institutions well over $106 million in 1956, compared to about $78 million in 1955.

Along with this, tuition fees have been substantially increased to a point where many middle-income parents with two or more children of college age no longer can finance their continued education. This increase is more than offset by the increase in operating costs and the need to build up a reserve for maintenance and expansion.

Among many proposals for making up the difference is that the business community give 1 per cent of business profits before taxes for higher education. Based on 1954 profit figures, this would provide $350 million for our independent, privately endowed colleges and universities, allowing them to increase salaries by $200 million and to provide for modernization and maintenance of their plants with the remaining $150 million.

However, a significant note of warning appears in the report of the President's committee, which says: "Educational budgets would be very unstable if corporate giving were the principal source of funds. Too many private factors, such as a drop in earnings or changing stockholder attitudes or the competitive situation of particular corporations, could indirectly affect public needs.

An important step has been the establishment of the National Merit Scholarship Corporation, which has offered to devote $8 million to matching, dollar for dollar, gifts by business firms for college scholarships and supplemental gifts to the institutions where the scholarships are used. This is an independent agency, financed initially by gifts of $20 million from the Ford Foundation and $500,000 from the Carnegie Corporation.

Scholarships, however, are only a partial answer. I return, therefore, to the place of the undergraduate himself in matters of keeping our private colleges solvent and in finding a way to equate tuition with actual instruction costs without depriving gifted students of the opportunity for higher education.

For some years I have been advocating that at least ten medium-sized colleges in the United States should get together in order to devise a "study now, pay later" plan. The entire plan would be based on the fact that the tuition could be increased to whatever extent necessary to meet the costs of the instruction. Those students who were not on scholarship and whose parents were unable to meet the tuition fees would be given the option of paying for their education over a long period of years beyond their graduation. Existing scholarships and loan arrangements would be unchanged. In addition, this arrangement envisions a plea to the Federal and state governments to make postgraduation-payments deductible from income taxes.

Will a youngster handicap himself seriously by assuming the large burden of debt involved in paying ultimately for his college education?

We think not. Instalment payments need not begin until several years after graduation. Fifty dollars a month may make a dent in a man's income, but people cheerfully make dents at least as large in their income for automobiles, television sets, refrigerators, trips around the world, etc., etc. A college education is at least as important. Moreover, a college education actually provides the increased

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income that more than pays for itself. Within five years after college the average graduate is making almost 40 per cent more money than the average non-graduate.

Bear in mind, too, that the plan, if it is accepted in its essentials, involves tax-deductibility for tuition instalment payments.

Most of the students involved in the plan, of course, would not have to carry the full burden of their tuition costs. They would accept responsibility for whatever part of their costs their parents were unable to meet or was unobtainable by other means.

Under present methods of financing, a relatively small percentage of graduates of colleges and universities contribute to their support after graduation in the endless cycle of fund raising among the alumni. Under the deferred payment plan, graduates would receive each year a bill representing a clear and specific financial obligation. It would not be necessary for them to finance costly promotion and sales campaigns to collect such funds.

Since colleges and universities all over America are confronted with many more prospective students than they possibly can accommodate, this would seem the time to plan for such a change in this vital area.

—J. R. COMINSKY.

A "Sensitive" Subject

THE cause of books and ideas has just been jolted—not by an irresponsible watchdog of the public morals or by a foolish new public ordinance—but by an important public library.

On Sunday, November 10, the Columbia Broadcasting System, over its New York television outlet, presented a program called "The Faces of War." It was produced under the auspices of the Metropolitan Educational Television Association. The program was concerned with war in history and literature. There were dramatic readings from Homer, Euripides, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Stephen Crane, Walt Whitman, and Mark Twain. Earle Hyman, the talented young Shakespearean actor, performed these readings. Mark Van Doren was the narrator. Part of the program consisted of a panel discussion by Dr. Margaret Mead, the anthropologist; James Jones, author of "From Here to Eternity"; and the editor of *The Saturday Review*.

Various educational groups had joined in the sponsorship of the program, including the New York Public Library. Then, inexplicably and suddenly, less than twenty-four hours before the television program went on the air, the New York Public Library tried to persuade the management of CBS to suppress the program altogether. CBS, to its great credit, refused. The New York Public Library withdrew its sponsorship. The program went on as scheduled.

When the news of this action became known following the program, the president of the New York Public Library announced that the library withdrew because of its policy against being involved in "sensitive" matters.

The word "sensitive" is the new euphemism for "controversial."

Actually, the program was more concerned with the suffering and the horror produced by war than the Ten Commandments. It was concerned not only with the suffering and the horror produced by war but with the need for the human community to rise to the new heights demanded by living history in the cause of survival. The dramatic readings invoked some of the greatest names in the world's literature. The panel discussion developed the viewpoint that war was not inevitable because of something in the nature of man. The discussion also emphasized the need for people to involve themselves, apart from governments, in the business of making peace with justice.

The discussion also made the point that war was no longer to be thought of as a workable means of enforcing the national will. In a nuclear war, as President Eisenhower has pointed out, victory is impossible. The same holds true of life itself. Under these circumstances, there is no more important subject in the world than the need to safeguard human existence with justice on earth. If all the television and radio networks in the world—indeed, if all the schools and universities in the world—were to put everything else aside in order to concentrate on this issue, there could be no wiser or more justifiable use of their time and resources.

Indeed, what this country needs is more debate, not less, on the predominant question of our age.

Yet here we have one of the world's great libraries retreating from this question on the grounds that it is too "sensitive." In so doing, it has acted more like a large soap company terrified by possible stockholder complaints than an institution which is supposed to serve as a headquarters for the free circulation of ideas.

There was, of course, no way of Library, before the program went on the air, that no one would say an unkind or controversial word about it. Almost every telecast produces some reaction, one way or another. And if such criticism had eventuated, it would have been the Library's privilege to stand its ground. The Library could have said it had no apologies to make for being identified with a television program that seeks to create an awareness of the need to preserve the heritage of a civilization.

The criticism has been made of television that it fails to concern itself with large issues. When, therefore, a major network does step out in an important way, it is shocking that some of our intellectual leaders should be the ones to take to cover.

The American public library—and the world of books in general—has had to defend itself in recent years against outside pressures. Not enough people understood what a library is or does in a free society.

Now it develops that the concept of a free library is being jeopardized by the library itself. Indeed, a major public library, out of timidity and fear of controversy, has provoked a major controversy in which every library in the country and everyone connected with books must have deep concern. We see no difference between the effort to keep passages from great books being read over the air and the effort to remove these passages from great books on the shelves. If the New York Public Library's position is allowed to stand, it should post a prominent notice near its front doors that sections of Homer, Euripedes, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Whitman, Crane, and Twain dealing with the futility of war have been expunged from the books on its shelves. Indeed, the same should apply to the Bible, Thucydides, Suetonius, Cicero, Dante, Goethe, Tolstoi, Turgenev, Byron, Paine, Sandburg, and Hemingway—to take only a few among thousands.

In the very act of avoiding a controversy, the New York Public Library has produced a major one. Indeed, it is difficult to see how it can maintain its position of leadership among the nation's libraries if it allows the present error to stand. It may be that the Library's action was based on some misunderstanding or last-minute confusion. If so, a forthright statement can close the matter. Otherwise, the issue is bound to grow day after day and week after week. The citizens of New York City have a right to know where they stand. It is doubtful that they will support an institution which is apparently more concerned about steering clear of argument than it is about giving books and ideas a life of their own.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ROOM FOR GENTLEMEN

I AM A BIT LATE (having just returned from Europe), but since people urge me to answer Horace Sutton's attack on me ("Ten Best Beaches," *SR* Aug. 14), I hope you will still grant me a few lines to react to his several pages.

The article is too biting (one would almost say, too bitchy) for me to take pleasure in reacting to Mr. Sutton's confusions (he takes Le Lavandou for the Ile du Levant, for instance), wilful misunderstandings (we are both talking about the same beach near Acapulco), and unwarranted ignoring of what was meant to be a mild joke (the beach of Scheveningen).

The only interesting aspect at this point seems to me: why did the man get so upset? Where have I heard that type of indignant voice before? Well, sir, it reminds me of the annoyance of a (bad) doctor who has to listen to a layman describing his disease. Thank heaven, however, traveling is not yet a science. The only criterion in talking or writing about it is still good taste only. As in cricket, there is next to the professionals still room in it for the gentlemen.

HANS KONINGSBERGER.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Horace Sutton replies: "I am surprised that such an astute arbiter of public pleasure as Mr. Koningsberger is unable to distinguish between a dig in the ribs and a stab in the back. That he should have misunderstood the latter for the former I can only ascribe to a super-sensitive poitrine or a misplaced set of ribs."*

SIX MORE

LOVING BEACHES I have often argued in in favor of my pet three, Long Island from Fire Island to Montauk, all the Sydney, Australia, ones (Bondi, Manli, and Coogee), and last but by no means least Muizenberg in South Africa, near Capetown but on the Pacific side. Three lesser loves are Shako near Hong Kong (not really a very good beach but amusing), Carbis Bay near St. Ives, Cornwall, and Black Rock Bay in Raratonga.

F. H. MARKOE.

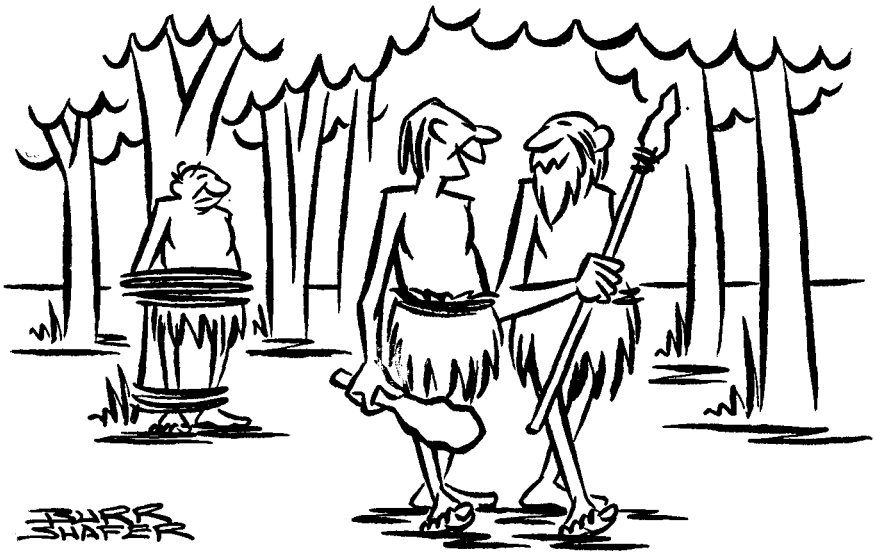
Water Mill, L. I.

WE NEED ELIZABETH

JUST TO SECOND A. L. Rowse's ardent championship of "Elizabeth II's Tribute to Elizabeth I" (*SR* Nov. 2) I would support a campaign to have the thirteen original colonies and the Johnny-Come-Lately thirty-five others join the British Commonwealth of Nations, and do all possible to prevent further decline and fall of the British Empire. Elizabeth II is just the gal to give us the leadership the Western World needs in this grave period, with her rich heritage of royal prerogatives and qualities going back to Elizabeth I. She will give just the right exclusiveness to ribbon cutting and dedicatory exercises which have always been commonplace ceremonies in this land of shoddy political practices.

GIFFORD ERNEST.

Chicago, Ill.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I think we've solved that business about the evil spirits stepping on twigs and frightening away all the game."

AMERICAN SOCIALISM?

IN *SR*'S TRIBUTE to the Queen I believe you are bucking the American trend towards socialism.

CARL SUMAN.

Denver, Colo.

DEFACING BILLBOARDS

I AGREE WITH Senator Neuberger (*SR* Nov. 9) that signboards should be kept off our interstate highways. As for Mr. Markham's statement that standardized outdoor advertising displays have a colorful heritage as part of Americana, I would say no more than tumbledown shacks and city slums. He then states that as a popular art form they have won recognition by museums and other art authorities throughout the country. I refute this statement. Some of the original designs may have won recognition when seen in an exhibition of advertising art, but no museum worth its name would sponsor the blown-up billboards which deface our road-side views.

ADELYN D. BREESKIN, *Director, The Baltimore Museum of Art.*

Baltimore, Md.

HAH!

AMERICA SITS NOW, wondering, puzzling. Why? The answer is simple. We failed to listen to the dreamers who gave us the atom. In a country that has from its conception been built upon dreams, the dreamers were told to wake up and work on "practical matters." One of the dreamers, Wernher von Braun, told us nearly a decade ago that, with 4 billion dollars, we could in ten years not only have a manned satellite circling the earth, but put men on the moon. And bring them back. He was told to forget it as "science fiction." Hah!

COOKY ADCOCK.

Denver, Colo.

LET'S GROW UP

DID ANY fifteenth-century Englishman ever explain that the chief significance of Columbus's trips for the Spanish was the discovery of new sites for naval bases? Let's grow up.

OSCAR DAVISSON.

Tucson, Ariz.

FIERY FURNACE?

WHILE WE ARE trying to explore the Heavenly moon, why don't we also try to explore below, to find out whether there is really a fiery furnace?

BILL HERRIES.

New York, N. Y.

A FULL HEART

IN NC's "GUNSBACH and London" (*SR* Oct. 26) the contrast drawn by the title was striking. In Gunsbach life had meaning; it was revered, a God-given marvel to be preserved. In London cynical militarists agreed to continue differing; they failed to renounce nuclear weaponry and war itself. I read the article with a full heart.

PAUL H. ADRIANCE.

Moses Lake, Wash.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Thomas Wolfe's "Angel"

ON THANKSGIVING evening, some twenty years after his death, Thomas Wolfe will at last reach Broadway. Herein lies a certain irony; not only was Wolfe the author of the bitterest Thanksgiving curse ever written, but he began his literary career as a prospective playwright and never reached Broadway with any of his plays. Furthermore, it will not be one of his *plays* that now comes to us, but a new play by Ketti Frings based on his huge first novel **"Look Homeward, Angel."** Playing young Eugene (in reality young Wolfe) will be Anthony Perkins, and co-starring will be Jo Van Fleet as his mother, Eliza, and Hugh Griffith (star of the British production of "The Waltz of the Toreadors") as his father.

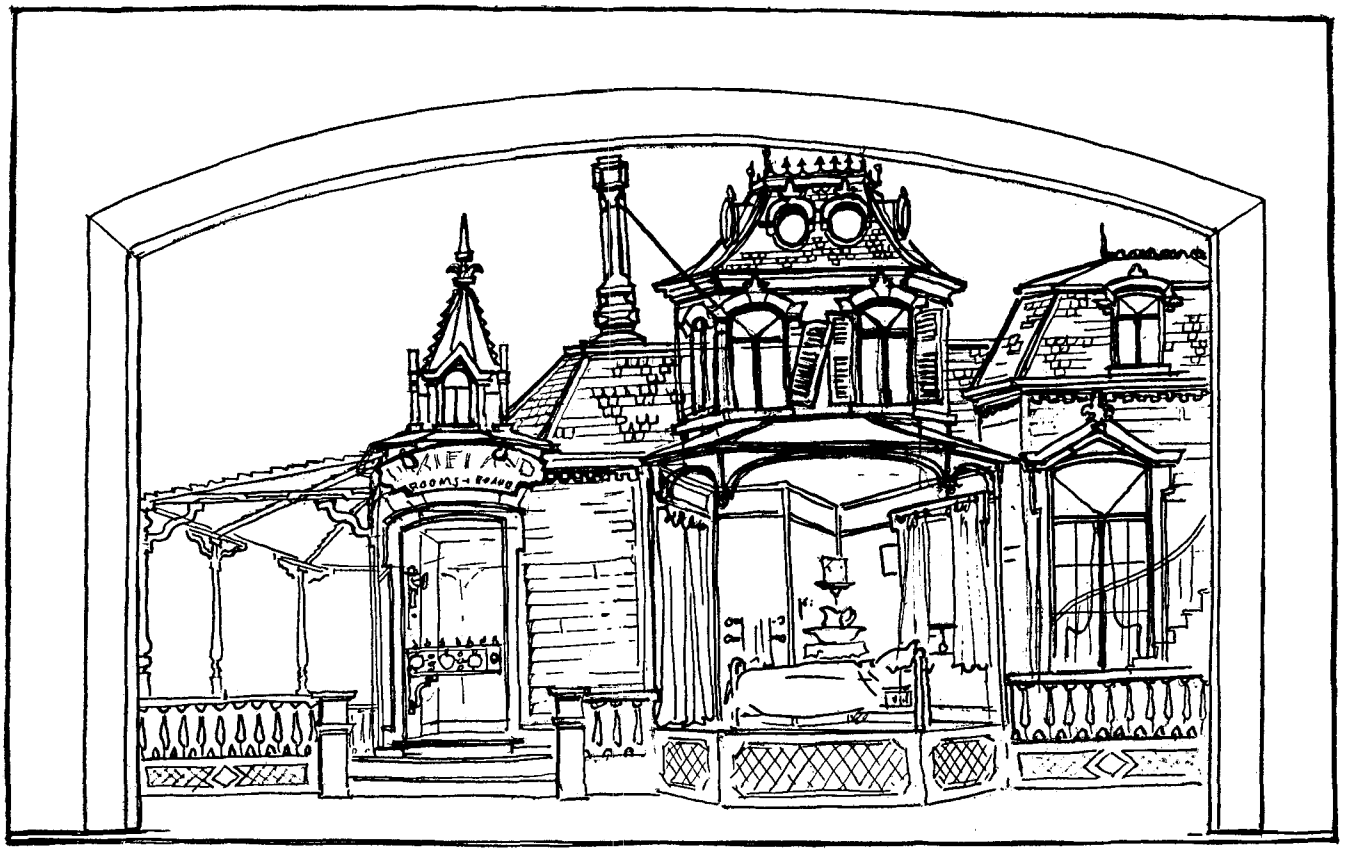
Ever since Mrs. Frings began the project a year ago, her friends have asked her about it with the same awe as if she were sweeping out the Augean Stables. She has had to confess that she has not found her task extraordinarily difficult. "In the first place," she explains, "I didn't read anything else about Wolfe or by Wolfe that might have confused me."

After she had read "Look Homeward, Angel" several times, Mrs. Frings made a list of those moments in the novel that had moved her most, and resolved to use as many of them as possible in her play. She limited the action of the play to a short period of time. To find which period she looked for what she called "the point of not-blindedness." "In a play," says Mrs. Frings, "the protagonist should have a blind spot about something. When that blind spot is removed for him, the play is over."

In "Look Homeward, Angel" Mrs. Frings believes that Eugene's blind spot is his feeling that he must accept the embraces of his family and be bound by the ties of family love. And the moment of not-blindedness comes in the conversation Eugene has with his brother, Ben. After finding this moment, Mrs. Frings was able to condense the action of the play into the three-week period surrounding Ben's death. She has brought forward some of the earlier portions of the novel, has had the characters recall and replay others, and has cheated with such devices as having Ben say on his deathbed a speech he had really had made some time before.

"I didn't worry about the number of different scenes," she says. "I hoped that somehow the scene-designer would work it out."

Fortunately for Mrs. Frings her producer, Kermit Bloomgarden, took the script to Jo Mielziner, who had solved a similar problem for him in "Death of a Salesman." Mr. Mielziner not only came up with a scheme whereby the scenes might flow without stopping from one scene into the next, but he took the bold step away from literalism by placing the upstairs scenes on the more effective downstairs level. A shift from the living room to an upstairs bedroom is now made simply by turning a revolving stage built inside the living room of the house. Mr. Mielziner believes the audience will soon accept this convention. His set also permits simultaneous playing of scenes. For instance, Ben can be seen dying in one room while his mother is seen wringing her hands in the kitchen. In addition, the entire house moves backwards and forwards so that the scenes not occurring inside it can be played in front of it. For these Mr. Mielziner will use projec-



Jo Mielziner's pen-and-ink sketch of the "Look Homeward, Angel" set—"bold step away from literalism."

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QUOTESMANSHIP

or the art of getting compliments without buying a drink:

"The world will be thrilled by it... a superb new film. ...Great, great, great!... Great because Holden, Guinness and Hawkins act with absolute conviction. Great because it will hold your interest through all its two hours and 40 minutes... Miss anything you like— but not this film."

DONALD ZEC
in London DAILY MIRROR

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BOSTON PREMIERE
Gary Theatre—December 26th

THANKSGIVING PRAYER BY AN ANGRY YOUNG MAN (VINTAGE 1929): "I give thanks for every dirty lust and hunger that crawled through the polluted blood of my ancestors. I give thanks for every scrofulous token that may ever come upon me. I give thanks for the love and mercy that kneaded me over the washtub the day before my birth. I give thanks for the country slut who nursed me and let my dirty bandage fester across my navel. I give thanks for every blow and curse I had from any of you during my childhood, for every dirty cell you ever gave me to sleep in, for the ten million hours of cruelty or indifference, and the thirty minutes of cheap advice." —*From "Look Homeward, Angel."*

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tions of selected elements to suggest a particular background.

Mrs. Frings originally wrote a prologue in which Thomas Wolfe appeared as a narrator describing the different major characters. Each would then be picked up by a pinpoint spotlight speaking his or her most typical speech. This she soon abandoned as being slightly pretentious.

"Still," she maintains, "I'm glad I did it, and I'm going to do it for every play I write from now on. It helps define the characters in my mind, and all of those speeches now appear in actual scenes."

The play makes no attempt to follow the novel's dialogue word for word, and indeed one of Mr. Bloomgarden's favorite lines ("Fatty's a happy woman. There's no pain in her she feels she has to unload on somebody else") is more Frings that Wolfe. Likewise, the love-scene between Eugene and Laura has been considerably extended in order to enlarge Eugene's role nearer to the size of Eliza's, which tends to dominate the play.

"I hate to say this about Wolfe," says Mrs. Frings, "but I had to work my way around an awful lot of cliches in the dialogue. On the other hand, I don't think you could find a more beautiful line for the theatre than his comment, 'I understand that men are forever strangers to one another, that no one really comes to know anyone, that imprisoned in the dark womb of our mother we come to life without having seen her face, that we are given to her arms a stranger, and that caught in that insoluble prison of being we escape it never, no matter what arms may clasp us, what mouth may kiss us, what heart may warm us. Never, never, never, never, never'."

Mrs. Frings feels that some of the author's intention is revealed in the book's subtitle, "A Story of the Buried Life." The stonecutter's Angel represents the lost beauty in Gant's life, and in the play Mrs. Frings intimates that it also stands for Grover, who died as a child. However, the Angel has a special significance to writers. To Wolfe himself it must have symbolized the frustration that came when the written word fell short of the author's intention. And to Mrs. Frings, who began her career hacking out fan-magazine stories, this frustration may be even more acute, because she had the necessity of making a living writing work she knew was nonsense. She remembers with a bitter laugh how she used to have to sell the title before she did her interview, and then somehow get the movie-star to say the title statement. She also remembers with considerable anguish her first Broadway play, "Mr. Sycamore," produced here seventeen years ago.

"It hurt me when it failed," she says, "but when I reread the script recently I could not believe I ever had expected it to succeed."

Mrs. Frings has had great success in the tough mill of Hollywood and is perhaps best remembered for her screenplay of "Come Back Little Sheba." It may be that her self-knowledge and practical sense, coupled with her sympathy with but lack of awe for Thomas Wolfe, are the ingredients that Wolfe himself needed for the theatre he never conquered.

THE revival of David Belasco's **"The Girl of the Golden West"** spoofs its sentiments but makes genuine its emotions. Chester Morris is uproarious as a stony-faced mining-town sheriff who challenges a handsome stranger by scornfully pouring the newcomer's whiskey into a spittoon. When he tells his would-be wife how he will make her pay for having fallen in love with someone else, he is being true to a code that conflicts sharply with romanticism. "The girl," Nancy Wickwire, is magnificent as the victim of a conflict between a code of simplehearted goodness and passion. She yields not to her lover's handsomeness but to his confidence. "Damn his style!" she mutters, and the paradox is hilarious. Peter Cookson catches this confident air nicely and makes funny the dilemma of a man knowingly overruled by absurd sentiments.

Not all of the play is so beautifully carried off, but it is a tribute to Jerome Kilty's direction that so much artistic discipline is maintained. Similarly admirable are William Roberts's calculatedly ill-fitting costumes and William Boyt's calculatedly old-fashioned sets. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Misappropriated Funds

THERE is a certain awesome tragedy to the spectacle of a million dollars going down the drain, even if it is somebody else's money. In Hollywood these days every big production involves at least that much risk capital; but here the tragedy of failure must be assessed not merely in terms of cash but of wasted talents, energies, and dreams. After all, to quote a favorite industry phrase, no one ever set out to make a bad picture. It takes just as much effort to turn out a failure as a hit. Of course, Hollywood is all too prone to measure success or failure in terms of box-office approbation alone. A good picture, by their lights, might be defined as one that makes lots of money. But the real waste, the real tragedy lies in those pictures that are both artistic failures and economic disasters.

Although it is scarcely the function of this column to predict box-office grosses on the new releases, it seems only reasonable to suppose that the handwriting has already appeared—in red ink—on the pickled-pine walls of the producers of **"Kiss Them for Me"** (Twentieth Century-Fox), and one can only wonder what went wrong. Jerry Wald, the producer of this attempt at romantic comedy, has in the past proved himself a fairly sound judge of story properties. And indeed both the play from which this was taken and its predecessor, Frederick Wakeman's novel "Shore Leave," were substantial successes when they first appeared. Wald chose Stanley Donen and Julius Epstein, two thoroughly capable men, to direct and write his film. For star insurance he drafted the generally reliable Cary Grant and the readily exploitable Jayne Mansfield. What comes out is flatter than two-week-old soda pop.

From the critic's point of view, it is all too easy to point out weaknesses. Fifty-three-year-old Cary Grant is simply overage in grade as madcap Lt.-Com. Crewson, ace pilot of World War II—even though he looks and acts a spry forty. Jayne Mansfield, admittedly not everyone's dish of tea, wriggles and squeals through her role like an inept female impersonator, quickly dispelling the charm and sympathy inherent in the little defense worker whose kisses are her main contribution to the war effort. (This, incidentally, was the part that introduced Judy Holliday to Broadway.) And Suzy Parker, reciting her lines in a flat monotone with wide, unblinking blue eyes, puts the final wet blanket on whatever fun might have been generated by the idea of three airmen on a continuous, unauthorized, four-day spree. In fact, were it not for the color and CinemaScope, "Kiss Them for Me" might well be taken for one of those war vintage comedies currently being revived on TV.

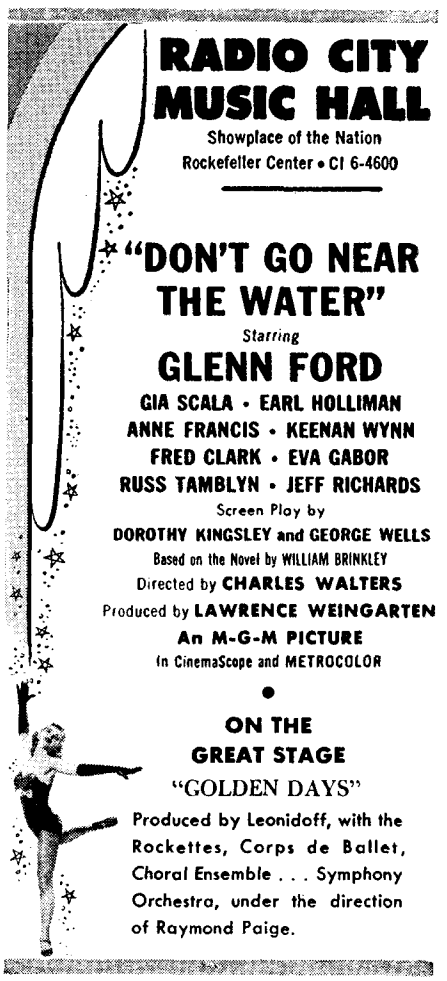
* * *

Similarly, **"Bombers B-52"** (Warner Bros.) is another costly production that fails to come off. Perhaps it was not quite so costly as "Kiss Them for Me." After all, Karl Malden, Natalie Wood, and Marsha Hunt are scarcely in the same price range ($250,000 per picture) as Cary Grant; while for the film's most impressive scenes—superb shots of silvery monster bombers streaking into orange and purple sunsets—the Air Corps supplied the planes and God the backgrounds. But far too much of the time is spent on the ground pawing over a tired script that has Malden, an experienced crew chief, trying to get separated from the service to keep his daughter out of the clutches of his commanding officer (who, it turns out, isn't really such a bad fellow after all).

* * *

When the jury at the Venice Film Festival awarded its Grand Prize in 1955, it very carefully worded the presentation "to Carl Theodor Dreyer and **'Ordet'**" (Kingsley Intl.). There is probably no director in the world today who is more respected by film critics and scholars than this elderly, retiring, uncompromising Dane. Each of his pictures is indisputably his own, the subject chosen by him, shaped by him, stamped with his own mystic, perfervid personality. He will work—can work—in no other way. "Ordet," his most recent film, shares with such earlier masterpieces as "The Passion of Joan of Arc" and "Day of Wrath" Dreyer's underlying concern with the problems of good and evil, with religious faith and the callous indifference of the worldly. But in this story of a young farmer who believes that he is Jesus reincarnate, the development is so deliberate, the shadings so grey that watching it becomes in itself virtually an act of faith. It is a picture that one can wholeheartedly admire, but not particularly like.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.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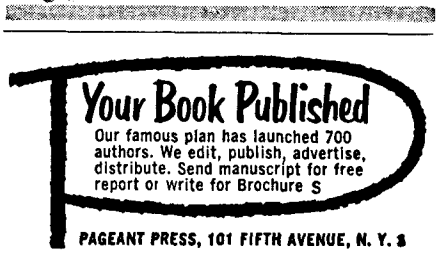
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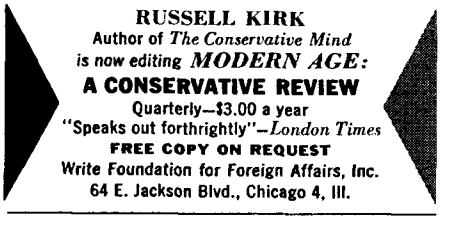
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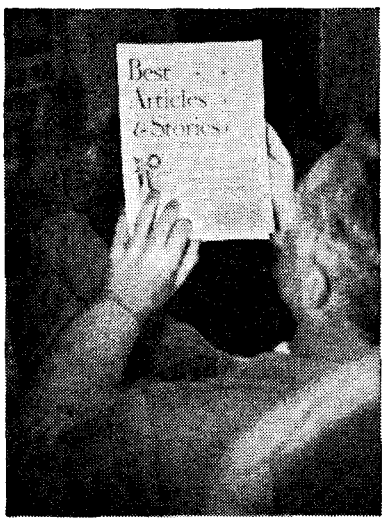
*A year's adventure in good reading-- The ideal gift**



(*It's new; reflects good taste; nobody else has given it; lasts a whole year.)

Last spring a group of university professors met to read and judge articles and stories for a national award. They were impressed by the excellence of material appearing in America's literary,scholarly and scientific journals not seen on the newsstands. Rating it with "the best thinking and writing of the day," they resolved it should be more generally circulated. Now, in a new magazine called "BEST ARTICLES & STORIES," selections from these periodicals - - including *Yale Review, ArizonaQuarterly, Antioch Review, Child Study, Commentary, Nature, Marriage & Family Living, Sky & Telescope, Southwest Review* and 100 others - - will be published in ten issues annually and made available - - - by subscription only - - - at $5 the year. Not a digest - - material is published in full, as originally written, in a full-size magazine. Selections are from nominations of magazines' own editors. Cover a fascinating literary and reportorial terrain. A criterion of reading taste, a gift for literate friends.

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TV AND RADIO

Color and Content

THAT the future of television lies in color is, I should suppose, as self-evident as anything in a chancy business can be. What is holding color back from quick universal acceptance is not its present technological development. About this I shall report more fully in a short time; now I will note only that color-TV is relatively farther advanced (in picture quality and stability) than black-and-white was when it outpaced the coaxial cable from coast to coast. What should concern intelligent citizens is that color is again caught in a crossfire between the networks, and that decisions revolving around color will critically affect the quality of programs we shall have in the next few years.

The situation is this: the only aggressive manufacturer of color sets is RCA, which is also the parent company of NBC. The only other network transmitting in color is CBS, and in the current week it sent out a total of two programs against twenty-one by NBC. The average viewer doesn't care where his programs come from, and a total of twenty-three, ranging from a daily drama through comedy and specials, is enough for him. On that score, there is no cause for alarm.

The real trouble is that more and more programs are being filmed in black-and-white and more and more hours are being given over to transmission of old (mostly black-and-white) films. Moreover, two different kinds of film are the outstanding successes of the season: "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" (which racked up a 90 per cent share-of-audience total in Pittsburgh one Sunday afternoon against "Wide, Wide World") and horror pictures like "Frankenstein" and "The Mummy," which are only forerunners of a spate of horror-shorts being prepared for next year.

The cost of making film-series for television is high and it will be a long time before they are made in color. Consequently, the battle now being fought is really the essential one of live production against film, color-live vs. black-and-white movies.

Aware of this danger long ago, General Sarnoff, head of RCA, has been warning the industry that it cannot live on the transmission of old film, and NBC has fought valiantly to keep film transmissions at a minimum even late at night, when it presents the amiable and intelligent "Jack Paar Show" against strong movie competition. But NBC has not been able to withstand the pull of the half-hour filmed series, the family comedies, and the Westerns which either follow old formulas or quickly create new formulas. Filmed successes like "Maverick" will even further jeopardize the position of live shows.

We come up here against a law which artists know and art-lovers hate to accept: the way a work is made, the materials and the machinery, can have a decisive influence on the subject matter and the treatment. To be sure, the live daytime serial is a highly routined job, but it is most flexible compared to the filmed series, which is produced by diagram and is sponsored precisely because it is the same in essence every week. In the dramatic field, virtually all intelligence and courage has come from the live shows, and with the distinguished exception of "Playhouse-90" they have all come from New York. Yet this year several of the most respected of the hour-long dramatic programs have gone off the air, and only recently the removal of "Studio One" to Hollywood (although not yet to film) has been announced.

IF color should zoom up quickly in the next two years as a major factor, all the networks would be putting on more live programs and it can be assumed that some of them would be dramatic. The present situation is not the first in which color has been a big gun in the battle for the empire of broadcasting. When CBS developed its color-system it argued that commercial television should not be authorized until color was fully developed. RCA-NBC was at that time backing monochrome. Perhaps it would have been a good thing to have delayed television until the program creators had caught up with the technicians. We would have been spared some sad experiences. Above all, we would have been spared most of what Hollywood has done to television.

But in the present situation, we should see that color is one of the most powerful forces on the side of creative and imaginative programming. Perhaps the best thing for the intelligent citizen to do if he wants to preserve and encourage the best elements in television is to buy a color receiver. —GILBERT SELDES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Debuts of Cluytens, Martzy, Cerquetti, Sereni

ANDRE CLUYTENS, Belgian-born like a number of other celebrated "French" musicians, began his guest engagement as conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in Carnegie Hall with a performance of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" overture that made one wish he would go right on conducting the rest of the opera. It was crisp, well-paced, properly attentive to the middle-range instruments (horns, clarinets, bassoons, etc.) which sometimes drift off into inaudibility between the top and bottom layers of sound. Moreover, the orchestra had a clean, fresh, glad-to-be-alive sound. It was a credit to his participation in several Bayreuth festival seasons.

What followed, however, was not more Wagner, but the Fourth Symphony of Brahms and the Second of Honegger. Technically, this was not Cluytens's local debut, for he had appeared here a year ago with the Vienna Philharmonic, at which time he also performed the Fourth Brahms. I know of no irresistible clamor for a reprise, which one can interpret as one wishes, relative to the scope of the Cluytens repertory.

As far as this interpretation itself was evidence, Cluytens likes his Brahms rather fast and non-brooding, a manner which can be made likable, other things being equal. In the case of Cluytens, however, they were mostly unequal—in dynamic adjustments, tonal colorations, and progressions to climaxes. There was not much to be termed subtle in this treatment, nor did it absorb one with an inescapable power.

In the Honegger (which is for strings plus trumpet), Cluytens utilized a score, which he had found unnecessary in the Wagner and Brahms. Such standards as there are in this work derive from Charles Munch, and the achievement of Cluytens was neither so finegrained nor so intense. An amiably disposed man, who made a courtly bow to concertmaster John Corigliano before raising his baton for the first measures of the "Meistersinger" overture, Cluytens was full of good will toward his associates. They responded with their second-best efforts (the very best are still reserved for Bruno Walter), enabling Cluytens to make an agreeable impression on the audience. But it was, musically, no more than respectably undistinguished.

Later in the week, Cluytens presided over the first appearance of Johanna Martzy, a Hungarian-born violinist who has made some recordings of quality. The good-looking young woman also caught the eye for the model posture of her violinistic manipulations, and her equally healthy treatment of Bach's E major concerto and the first Bartok Rhapsody. Neither of these is an exhaustive survey of instrumental command, and her performances were not the more intense for the phlegmatic procedures of Cluytens. Her best effort emerged in the slow movement of the Bach concerto, which was tonally solid, musically sophisticated, and emotionally ripe. Her admirable command of the instrument was otherwise restricted to a color range not much beyond a very promising student's.

SHORTLY before the end of what had been a fairly routine performance of Gluck's "Paride ed Elena" by the American Opera Society, Anita Cerquetti strolled out of the wings of Town Hall, score in hand, to sing the bravura aria of Pallade ("T'inganni") and thus make her New York debut. According to a pleasant if improbable tale, Cerquetti was intercepted at Idlewild Airport *en route* to engagements in Mexico, and lured into accepting this stopover appearance by means of a tape recording of the aria, auditioned for her on the spot. Clearly the aria was not in her voice, but her voice was in the aria to the extent of demonstrating its bigness and impact, also a degree of edgy quality not burnt off, so to speak, by pre-performance heating up. What it might sound like at its best was suggested when Miss Cerquetti closed the book before the final flourish on a D major chord and sang it out, fully and freely. It was, otherwise, reassuring to note that she had slimmed somewhat, or else the reports of her dimensions were, in the Mark Twain sense, exaggerated. A well-filled evening gown that featured a tight bodice and a flaring floor-length skirt concealed more than it revealed, but Miss Cerquetti has reasonable height in her favor, and as much mobility as the average Italian (or Yugoslav) soprano. David Poleri, Marquita Moll (as Helen in place of Phyllis Curtin), and Laurel Hurley (Amore) were the other hard-pressed and only moderately successful principals. As a work, "Paride ed Elena" does not equal either "Orfeo" or "Alceste," which preceded it, but it was a welcome service for Arnold U. Gamson and his enterprising associates to give it again.

AMONG Yugoslav sopranos, the reigning one resumed activity when Zinka Milanov joined Maria del Monaco and a new baritone Mario Sereni in the season's first performance of "Andrea Chenier" at the Metropolitan. To judge from the audience response, it might have been Muzio and Martinelli in their primes, but it was merely a couple of other M's making do with strenuous sound what was lacking in quality or subtlety. The fine line that Milanov once commanded is now mostly a vocal blur, occasionally organized into a suggestion of finesse; with del Monaco, the line remains but the need for subtlety has not yet suggested itself. The real shining sound of the evening was provided by Rosalind Elias in the role of Bersi. As Gerard, Sereni (an Italian baritone not yet thirty) disposed no such vocal weight as Leonard Warren or Ettore Bastianini, but showed a pliant voice of even quality through its range, and a good command of his resources in the challenging circumstances. The implications of his effort were that he is a lyric rather than a dramatic baritone, with some honest possibilities in a suitable part.

THE happy hubbub of an auditorium and a stage-full of listeners anticipating a major musical event was almost as welcome an aural experience as the piano-playing by Guiomar Novaes which rewarded its presence in Town Hall. This kind of preliminary "sounding" is not nearly as common an occurrence as it used to be, and the more regrettable therefore. Mme. Novaes responded with an afternoon of fine piano-playing and even finer music-making which was richly rooted in her three-decades, plus, of public experience.

Following a kind of instrumental "vocalise" in the form of a Bach G minor organ prelude adapted for piano by Siloti, in which some antiphonal exchanges were prettily voiced, Mme. Novaes moved from strength to strength along the Beethoven Strasse ("Les Adieux") and the Schumann Gasse ("Etudes Symphoniques") to Rue Debussy (a series of preludes) and Boulevard Chopin (eight preludes). The numerous refinements of her Beethoven nevertheless left some emotional challenges blunted rather than met head on (it was also a little ruffled, technically), but her Schumann was poised, authoritative, and full of the pulsating piano sound which is as much a touchstone in her craft as the Elman sound is for the violin.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Writers as Readers of Poetry

By JOHN CIARDI

THE best thing a poetry reading can do, to my mind, is to present the poet's own voice at its life work of sounding the emphases, the breath-group pauses, and the "tune" and tone of his own lines. Some very good poets (Wallace Stevens, for example) have been poor readers and all one can conclude from that fact is simply that there is a difference between the poet's inner-ear and his speaking voice. Others (E. E. Cummings, for example, and Dylan Thomas) are wonderfully self-fulfilling readers and to hear them read is always to experience the poems more fully.

Decca's DL 9033, "Robert Frost Reads the Poems of Robert Frost" is a high example of what a poetry reading can be when a good poet reads his own poems well. Frost, to be sure, has recorded many times, and I think I am right in saying that all of the poems he reads here have been recorded before, but the selection is an excellent one and these two sides may certainly qualify as the basic Frost reading for those not yet acquainted with the happy marriage that takes place when Frost's rough, twangy, yet always sensitive voice reads Frost's own lines, native to native.

Angel Records's 45012, "T. S. Eliot reads his Four Quartets" is another such. Eliot's infinitely weary, infinitely funebrial voice can scarcely be thought of as exciting in itself, but it cannot help but be exciting as the obviously perfect voice for these lines, the voice for which and from which the poetry was written.

Decca (DL 9039) has also released "Carl Sandburg Reads the Poems of Carl Sandburg," and for those who respond to this sort of thing, well, there it is. I must confess myself unmoved by the overblown yokel profundities of Sandburg's poetic-stance, and even less so by his hamming up of the reading, humming, singing, and orating the lines as if he were having all he could do to keep from breaking into a minstrel show routine. Quaint is the word for it, I guess.

Even brasher than Sandburg, but with a kind of open brazenness that adds up to a happy whacky experience is Evergreen 1, the "San Francisco Poets." No doubt about it, the poetic joint is jumping in SF, and if there turns out to be more jump than poetry at times, some of it is at least good performance. Patriarch of the group, Kenneth Rexroth, reads an impressive poem in an impressively right, gravelly voice. Brother Antoninus, O.P. is persuasive and moving in two short lyrics. The other seven of the group (as far as I can see the only thing they have in common is San Francisco) read some interesting and some dull poems sometimes interestingly and some times dully. The final performance by Allen Ginsberg is a piece of cocky hamming overcluttered by hee-haws from an overconsciously enthusiastic audience, but now that Maxwell Bodenheim is dead, Ginsberg is well worth the price of admission for a kind of tireless arrogance at least as refreshing as it is shallow.

It is something else again when non-poets take to reading. I was frankly disappointed in Columbia's ML 5148, "A Round of Poems," read by Lloyd Frankenberg, the readings being excerpts from his recent anthology of the same title. Frankenberg is certainly a serious lover of poetry and quite possibly he may hear the poems truly within himself. However that may be, his reading voice is too thinly metallic, he seems to work too hard to pronounce final consonants (in what I cannot help thinking of as the manner of the City College Speech Major), and his spoken sense of the weights and quantities required by the lines strike me as rather surprisingly and uncomfortably tone-deaf. I can return happily to Frankenberg's selections as an anthologist, but this recording is not one I shall be tempted back to.

There still remains a world of difference between the uncertainty one may feel when a serious student of poetry seems to lack either gift or training as a reader—that on the one hand—and on the other, such buffoonery as seems to have inspired Decca's "Parnassus Series, A Treasury of the Spoken Word," DL 9040-9045. Some of the readings from Shakespeare (DL 9041) are good enough on a par-for-the-course level, but the rest (Poems that Tell Great Stories, The Fun Makers, Lyrics of Love, Poems of Patriotism, and Prayers and Inspirations) are collections of cheaply chosen poems rendered by actors with too much dramatic school and too little poetry behind them. Ridiculous.

There are in fact very few actors who can be trusted to read a poem. Too few have the right sense of restraint and inner-echo that makes the poem speak most fully from its silences. And even the best of them can be uneven. Among the best of them I would certainly place Dame Peggy Ashcroft whose "Poetry Readings" are now available on London 1503. Side 2 is the one that disappoints me. There Dame Peggy reads Shakespeare, Tennyson, Keats, Herrick, Donne, and Shelley, all in identically the same way, in what I am tempted to call the "official-Ophelia" voice, hushed, full of inner aspiration, and passionately ingenuous. Dame Peggy does it well, and in "Ode to a Nightingale" it comes close to working for me, but a voice that cannot change in going from Keats to Herrick to Donne is locked into its own way of going and is clearly paying too little attention to the innerness of the poems. Side 1, on the other hand, is richly something else. Here the voice responds meaningfully to the differences in the rhythm and total-attitude of the poems. "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" is made into a lovingly performed dance. The voice changes rightly and truly to render the Nonsense Songs of Lear, and on the way finds yet another range for Sidney Dobell's "The Orphan's Song," as sweet and moving a reading as I have ever heard, and certainly one of those moments of magic I mean to return to often and often.

FINALLY, and out of someone's obviously strained imagination of what the world needs, there comes "The Spoken Word," SW-A2, released, I gather, by WBC, and dealing with Bergen Evans being a radio personality. I have been in Europe long enough so that what is billed as Evans's "distinguished radio series" is all new to me. No longer new after eight tireless sides, alas. Bergen Evans is, I suppose, a natural for radio's idea of the cultivated man as one who can rattle "kultchural facts" in the carefully dehumanized rapid-fire recital that is standard in the commercials for a new laxative, spouting a mixture of real and garbled facts to a conclusion as emotionally false as it is intellectually worthless. Heaven help the great American audience: if this is what you want in the name of self-improvement, Mr. and Mrs. Coast-to-Coast, it's hard to see how you deserve anything better, but it still is dreadful stuff.

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Long Play the Bard!

—*British Information Services.*

Gielgud—"subtle virtuosity."

SINCE "Hamlet" is generally regarded as the greatest play ever written, and since Sir John Gielgud's performance in it some twenty years ago is remembered by many as the greatest of that role in our time, the new LP album (RCA Victor LM-6404) which calls the knight back for an encore is a rich theatrical treasure. For Sir John recently stated to this writer that he would never play the role again onstage. Therefore, as far as we and posterity are concerned, this is it.

The recording on eight sides omits almost nothing of the play. It attempts to satisfy both those who are familiar with the play and those who are hearing it for the first time. For the latter, a narrator uses a "Hear It Now" technique to introduce us to each new scene. While the play is unevenly acted by some of the supporting players, and one is occasionally conscious of lines being read on cue rather than as genuine responses to situations and preceding dialogue, Sir John's subtle virtuosity triumphs. One is continually impressed by his vocal quality, his variety of phrasing, and his degree of control. Many fine actors can excel at certain volumes and with certain individual tricks of inflection. And a couple of great ones can even improvise their way through exciting and challenging variations of traditional speeches. But Gielgud is probably the only one with that combination of intelligence, taste, and control which can make the whole huge role sound exactly as he wishes it to. Few sensational innovations strike the ear, but one is never bored when Hamlet is speaking and seldom finds oneself taking the slightest exception to the manner in which Sir John is delivering a speech.

Perhaps the best spoken soliloquy is the "Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I," in which Gielgud shows the immense range of which he's capable. Whether soft, medium, or loud his speech never blurs, and though he never gives us the H-bomb blast that Olivier sometimes does, he makes up for it with his sustaining of high-level emotion. Yet the unforgettable moment of this album is a soft one, near the end of Side 7, when Sir John picks up the skull and says "Alas, poor Yorick, I knew him, Horatio," the mellow beauty and simple emotion are overwhelming.

Of the supporting cast, recruited from the Old Vic two voices emerge with more impact than the rest. The first, Paul Rogers, will be remembered for his performances of Macbeth, Mercutio, and Pandarus here last winter. As Claudius he immediately achieves the oily hypocrisy and then gradually reveals the horrible underlying guilt obsession that are so hard for most actors to combine. The second performer is less well-known, but, as Laertes, Peter Coke exhibits a remarkable voice and the character becomes one who can truly challenge a prince. Some of the lesser performances seem patently artificial, and the ghost sounds as if he were talking to Hamlet on the telephone. Nevertheless, this recording can afford such lapses better than most. Sir John Gielgud has made his last Hamlet one to give pause to any actor who thinks he's sufficiently equipped for the marathon role.

MICHAEL REDGRAVE in his colorful interpretation of Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" (Caedmon TC 2013, $5.95) is also a fine piece of work. Mr. Redgrave plays the usurer with a thick accent; his Shylock stresses the greed and conniving of the character. At times Mr. Redgrave pours so much of his energy into characterization that there is none left for acting. At others, such as in his recall of the ring he gave to Leah which now has been traded by his daughter for a monkey, Mr. Redgrave makes Shylock intensely moving.

The musical introductions to the various scenes are pleasant and charming. They underline the point that "The Merchant of Venice" is indeed a comedy, in which Shylock gets what he deserves for interfering with lovers. The role of Portia is played skilfully enough by Nicolette Bernard. But what a shame that we could not have had Dame Peggy Ashcroft, who co-starred with Mr. Redgrave in this play at Stratford four seasons ago.

Of the others, Alan McNaughton as Salerio, Paul Daneman as Lorenzo, and John Westbrook as Bassanio stand out. The latter takes full advantage of the opportunity a recording presents for use of a low intimate tone. All things considered, this is a bright and lovely record made with a high degree of respect for Shakespeare's poetry. —HENRY HEWES.

Waiting for *It*

By May Swenson

MY cat jumps to the
window sill
and sits there still as a jug.
He's waiting for me,
but I cannot be
coming, for I am in the room.

His snout, a gloomy V
of patience,
pokes out into the sun.
The funnels of his ears expect
to be poured full of my footsteps.

It, the electric moment, a sweet
mouse, will appear; at his gray
eye's edge I'll be coming home
if he sits on the window-ledge.

It is here, I say, and call him
to my lap. Not a hair
in the gap of his ear moves.
His clay gaze stays steady.

That solemn snout says: *It*
is what is about to
happen, not
what is already here.

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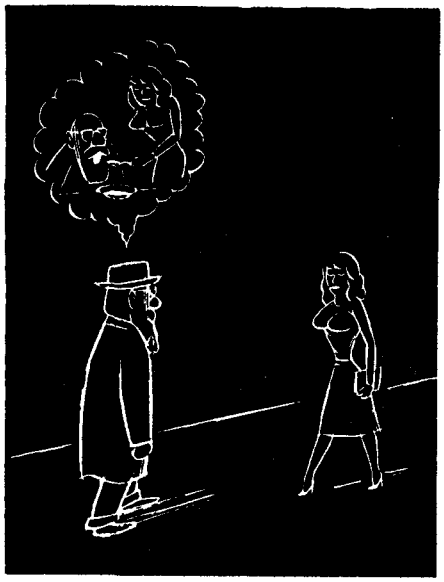

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WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, Don Quixote, Sholom Aleichem, and Arthur Conan Doyle scarcely conform to any category or classification one can think of, but they can all be part of your fireside circle, thanks to recent record releases. In their varied ways they typify the newest dimension in the marketing of sound, which may be described as something for listening when no music is wanted.

The experience of Arnold Michaelis in conveying the verbal personalities of Adlai Stevenson and Bruno Walter on previous discs has contributed to the consistent interest of his lengthy session with Mrs. Roosevelt (RCI 102, $3.98). In the first instance, she is both articulate and uninhibited, so that a simple suggestion of a line of thought prompts her to a lengthy statement (always with interest). In the second, Michaelis has permitted her to ruminate and reflect with a minimum of interruptions, which is all to the benefit of the total result.

Mrs. Roosevelt's candid approach to the whole subject of her husband's political career, their relationship with his matriarchal mother, the importance to him of such men as Louis Howe, James A. Farley, and Ed Flynn, almost persuades one that he is eavesdropping on an intimate conversation rather than absorbing the end product of a process destined for public consumption. At the same time, Mrs. Roosevelt's retrospect on the years of their prominence is so objective, her ability to deal fairly with the people with whom she has been associated so manifest, that the opinions are without sting. In addition to the public period, the conversation throws considerable light on her childhood and upbringing in a family where "Uncle Ted" was a President before Cousin Frank was of voting age.

Walter Starkie's readings from his own translation of "Don Quixote" (Mentor 12-A1) is complementary to the appearance as a Mentor Book of the text itself. However, it would be unwise to seek out the passages "directed," as the expression goes, by Arthur Luce Klein; the condensation often juxtaposes passages separated by a page or more in the original, thus altering considerably the pace and sequence of Cervantes's writing.

I am not citing this as an indictment, merely suggesting that the recording, *per se*, does not bear any particular relationship to the work as it reads. It is an independent form of diversion, to which Starkie makes many contributions of inflection, highlighting, and underscoring. Some may be perplexed to find that Sancho comes out in a thickening (quite consciously) of Starkie's Irish brogue—a procedure intended, no doubt, to distinguish the servant's conversational sound from that of the master.

Another, and disparate, form of national culture is dispensed in "Tevya and His Daughters," the dramatic form of Sholem Aleichem's stories devised by Arnold Perl recently acted on Broadway by the cast of this recording. Much in the manner of the Spanish "Dichos" mentioned by John Steinbeck in a recent essay (SR Nov. 9), Tevya has a quotation for every occasion, sad or gay, favorable or otherwise. The manner in which he decides that the tailor Mottel Kamzoil is an even better match for his daughter Tzeitl than the rich man Lazar Wolf is a masterpiece of involution, illuminated by endless references "It is written" or "So God decrees." The second side, devoted to the marrying of Hodel to the revolutionary Feferal Perchick loses its humorous tinge halfway through, and is the less memorable for that reason. Both, however, are absorbingly delivered by Mike Kellin as Tevya, Anna Vita Berger as his wife Golde, and Howard da Silva —who directed the production—impersonating (for the purposes of the recording) Lazar Wolf, The Rich Merchant, and a Rabbi. (Columbia OL 5225, $4.98).

With London's venture into Holmesiana (London LL 1568, $3.98) the word game takes on more dubious qualities. Do the voices of Sir John Gielgud as Holmes, Sir Ralph Richardson as Watson, Orson Welles as Moriarity, and the others of the cast utilized for the dramatization by John Keir Cross add enough to vividness to offset the absence of what Basil Saunders acknowledges in his commentary to be "the somewhat measured style" of the original? That will have to be an individual determination; I personally find that detective stories incline one to take a backward look for clues overlooked (as well as a forward one for solutions unanticipated), a rather difficult feat with a record. Let us acknowledge, at least, that the undertaking is admirably carried out, that Sir John makes

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a thoroughly likable Holmes and Richardson is as good a Watson as may be conceived this side of Nigel Bruce. I doubt, however, that the great man would stand for having his violin-playing impersonated by the arts of Alfredo Campoli. Such dulcet mastery would certainly be unbecoming to the self-confessed amateur.

There comes a time, in every sampling of words on discs, when entertainment and diversion must yield to enlightenment and self-improvement. That point is reached in the present collection with discs devoted to the philosophic "Explorations" of Gerald Heard (Pacifica P-5001, $3.98), the recollections and reflections of Henry Miller (Riverside RLP 7002-3, $11.98), and self-help production with the hortatory title of "Speak Up" (Sonant Corporation).

Heard's record comes with an imposing roster of opinions about him ranging from H. G. Wells and Somerset Maugham to Aldous Huxley and Christopher Isherwood. Improbable as it may seem, the hour's discourse makes perfectly apparent why Maugham regards him as a "scintillating talker," Huxley describes him as a "rare being," and Isherwood declares "Heard is one of the very few who can properly be called philosophers." His subject is the nature of human life, the past and future of man, who he is and what he is. In a non-sectarian, wholly rational way Heard makes a plausible case for the thesis that man's evolution is not complete, that he can and will be something better than he is today. His personalized delivery adds more than a little to the force of what he has to say.

Another technique is employed in the two LPs devoted to the ruminations of Henry Miller, who is drawn out by Ben Grauer acting as interviewer. The Miller opinions, largely related to the virtues of non-conformity opposed to the common practice of working for a living, would mean more if the names of the books he has produced—"Air Conditioned Nightmare," "Remember to Remember," "Sunday After the War," etc. . . . had more specific suggestions for me.

Finally, "Speak Up!" which begins with the statement "Your position in society, your stability, is revealed by your words as well as your deeds. This album will enable you to express yourself with articulate, positive effective vocal delivery . . ." Assuming that you follow the principles of voice production and enunciation, the exercises for "vocal improvement" incorporated into this record, you, too, can sound like the radio announcer who pronounces the inane "grammatical examples" (relating to "sit and set") in utter seriousness. —I. K.

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From Actress to Patroness

***"The Fabric of Memory," by Eleanor Robson Belmont** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 311 pp. $5.50), is the reminiscence of a talented actress who became the moving spirit of many public causes, artistic and charitable.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

BEFORE World War I, when debating was regarded as a lively social diversion, the ladies of the New York Fortnightly (we learn from Eleanor Robson Belmont's "The Fabric of Memory") used to meet to discuss spiritedly such questions as the difference between tolerance and indifference, between Christian humility and an inferiority complex, or between intelligent interest and vulgar curiosity.

Any of these topics might make even now for a rousing evening's argument, but the third seems especially apropos to a consideration of memoirs such as Mrs. Belmont's. In a season when celebrities submit to rude personal questions over national networks and autobiographers strip right down to the id, Mrs. Belmont's book stands out like an old-fashioned high-necked bathing suit in a beach-load of Bikinis. Reticent, rambling, anecdotal rather than analytical, "The Fabric of Memory" caters so little to curiosity that it does not even reveal the date of the author's birth, describing it only as a thirteenth of December "many years ago." The nearest Mrs. Belmont comes to personal revelation is a brief account of a nervous collapse brought on in 1908 by indecision over whether to continue her stage career or marry the very wealthy (and considerably older) August Belmont. The decision, she writes, "confronted me like a fork in the road to destiny." Why this should have been so is not clear, for when a decade later she was approached to make a cross-country stage tour for charity, and hesitantly consulted her husband, she found he "offered not the slightest objection" and indeed "had always been proud of my career in the theatre." One wonders why Mrs. Belmont had never guessed as much.

So much for vulgar curiosity. Intelligent interest, however, will find rewards in "The Fabric of Memory." People who associate the name Belmont with a race that comes after the Preakness or with a lady whom Milton Cross used to interview with stately jocularity between acts of the Metropolitan Opera's Saturday afternoon broadcasts may not be too surprised to learn that in both cases this is the right Belmont—that is to say, one of the horse-racing, opera-loving Belmonts—but how many of them suspect that the *grande dame* of the Metropolitan was once an enchanting young actress named Eleanor Robson for whom George Bernard Shaw wrote "Major Barbara"? Shaw's biographers have not suspected it, but Mrs. Belmont documents her claim with a sheaf of hitherto unpublished and gloriously Shavian letters. The great man was forty-eight when he saw Miss Robson play the title role in Israel Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann" and instantly fell in love, in his susceptible fashion. The letters are fascinating not only as examples of Shaw's blarney but for their comments on "Major Barbara" and the difficulties inherent in the title role.

Miss Robson apparently did not hanker to play a Salvation Army lass. "Had you written Joan of Arc for me instead of Barbara," she told Shaw, meeting him for the last time in 1949, "just think how totally different my life might have been." "The Fabric of Memory" closes with the story of that meeting, along with an effusive letter from St. John Ervine ("I was a youth of twenty-one when I saw your Mary Ann. I'm now seventy-three, but I remember your performance as clearly and with as much pleasure as if I had seen it only yesterday.") Is it possible that among her memories Mrs. Belmont values most the memory of her impact on Shaw, and that for all the umpteen thousands she has raised for the Red Cross she would most like to be remembered as the beautiful and charming Mary Ann? If so, hers is an ambition any woman can appreciate.

—*"The Fabric of Memory."*

Eleanor Robson Belmont in the potion scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

Just the same, Mrs. Belmont has lived a useful and active life, and there is much more than theatre talk in "The Fabric of Memory." There are reminiscences of the Roosevelts, Theodore and Franklin, of Amy Lowell, Humperdinck and Puccini, Edna Ferber and Frances Hodgson Burnett; of the Belmont Stables, where Man o' War was bred; of sleighing in Central Park; of political conventions (Mrs. Belmont voted Bull Moose but her husband remained a loyal Democrat).

Although she was no feminist, Eleanor Belmont became the first woman to make a Commencement address at Columbia and the first to speak on the floor of the Stock Exchange, and as early as 1913 she went up in an airplane. In 1932, deciding that private charity during serious emergencies was wasteful—"it simply means that you penalize the generous"—she sailed for Europe to study unemployment insurance and later advised FDR on social security, besides serving the cause of unemployment relief. In between were sandwiched dozens of other worthy causes, from the Liberty Loan to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre to the Opera Guild. None of this is startling. Some of it palls, notably the sections on Red Cross activities, but the slight tedium of these passages was offset for me by such nuggets as a letter of literary criticism from Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

Other readers will find their own nuggets. How many people know, for instance, of August Belmont's role in the early history of aviation? Or that he was responsible for building the Cape Cod Canal? Or that he "introduced from Europe the use of spiked shoes for track runners"? "The Fabric of Memory" is plumped out with many such modest but interesting revelations. Readers jaded with the sensations of the G-string school of autobiography should enjoy the dignity of this pleasant old-fashioned volume of memoirs.

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Top Tub Thumper

—"*Fanfare.*"

Richard Maney, Shirley Booth—"yarns."

"Fanfare," by Richard Maney *(Harper. 374 pp. $4.95), is a volume of reminiscences by the leading American theatrical press agent.*

By Allen Churchill

RICHARD MANEY is that rarest of individuals—a theatrical press agent who usually towers as a personality over the plays he promotes and the actors whose virtues he proclaims. His rich, pithy prose is devoured eagerly by readers of the Sunday theatrical sections of New York newspapers, for he writes better than any of the so-called professional writers around him. He has been immortalized in the play "Twentieth Century" by his friends Hecht and MacArthur, with the character patterned after him making "my fine-feathered friend" a catch-phrase of the day. Mr. Maney himself has further enriched the language by calling Billy Rose the "Bantam Barnum" and Jed Harris the "Mad Mahout."

Now he has written what he calls his confessions, and the result is a remarkable book. At one time or another most of us have wished that we had tried to be actors during our youth; and by reading Mr. Maney we can feel as if we had worked in the Broadway theatre (with occasional stretches in Hollywood) for the past thirty years. His book is long and it is crammed full of anecdotes. It brings the reader closer to the peculiar feel of the contemporary commercial theatre than does any other book.

Mr. Maney's personal attitude toward the theatre is hard to define. He loves theatre people (even actors) and the last words in his book are:

A BORZOI BOOK

A fascinating novel
of the "indifferent generation"
—those young conformists
who are fleeing the Big Cities
for the suburbs

Leave Me Alone

by David Karp

Arthur Henry Douglas was thirtyish, married and doing reasonably well in a New York publishing firm. With his attractive wife, and their two children, he lived in a small apartment in the East Fifties. Life seemed to him a good, if not very exciting, affair, until his wife insisted that for the children's sake they had to move out of town.

In a Long Island suburb, where he hoped to be left alone, Arthur began making disturbing discoveries—about his wife, his business, his neighbors, himself. Against his will he became involved in both office and community intrigues. His indifference, in short, proved skin-deep; he began to come alive.

Leave Me Alone establishes the gifted David Karp as one of the keenest observers of the American scene—and a gripping storyteller.

"The narrative is written with such skill and drive, its conversations are so sparkling, and the whole theme is handled with such *élan* that the book will hold even the reader who disdains its deeper meaning. But for the thinking reader its message . . . will be clear, unmistakable and disturbing."—*Saturday Review Syndicate*

$3.95 at most bookstores

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

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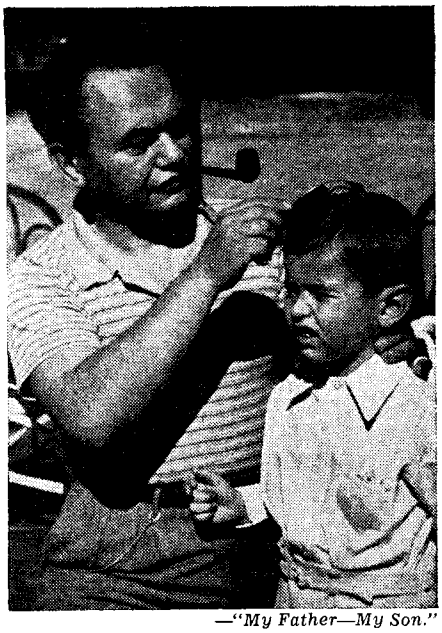
"They are the salt of the earth." At the same time he is disenchanted without being bitter. Nor does he see theatre people as grown-up children, an attitude conveniently taken by many writers. He sees his actors and actresses, playwrights and producers, as full-fledged human beings, and something in each has brought joy to the irreverent Maney sense of humor. Even Tallulah Bankhead, Jed Harris, and Orson Welles, the trio Mr. Maney appears to admire most, are presented tolerantly but with full realization of the absurdity of many of their attitudes.

In a past era it might have been possible to call Richard Maney "Mr. Broadway." Today that street is sleazy and cheap, while he is a person of intelligence and erudition. Perhaps he can be called "Mr. Theatre," and it is strange to note that as such he was born in Chinook, Mont., and grew up ruggedly on the open plains. When the family moved to Seattle he became involved in the theatre as an usher. From this vantage point he noted that press agents seemed to work only three hours per day, while actors sometimes put in four or five.

He instantly decided to become a press agent. For quite a few years he worked at the craft without conspicuous success, and anyone who has ever phoned Mr. Maney for tickets to a show—he now crowns a career of 250 productions by handling "My Fair Lady"—will be astounded to learn that at one time he felt frightened and insecure. Shortly he found his stride. His frankness, honesty, and unique skill with the King's English have won him a place as probably the most successful of our tub thumpers.



—"My Father—My Son."

Edward G. Robinson and Jr.—"escapades."

Mr. Maney's biographical notes are few and interspersed with tributes to his lively and understanding wife. His is a book of anecdote. Hardly a figure of stature on stage or screen fails to appear in these pages, together with such writers as James Thurber, T. S. Eliot, Lillian Hellman, Gene Fowler, and a host of others. From Walter Winchell and others we have become accustomed to keyhole gossip, but Mr. Maney raises the anecdote to the heights of John Aubrey. The yarns he tells are superior ones, usually tinged with his own frank opinion.

He labored long for Billy Rose, but obviously his opinion of him is even lower than the Bantam Barnum's stature. He respects Ethel Barrymore as the "First Lady of the Theatre," but gives glimpses of her which indicate she is monumentally self-centered and possesses a fine gift for harboring a grudge. His picture of Marlon Brando staggering around a stage in prolonged death throes should render that problem-actor forever ludicrous.

As indicated, Mr. Maney's book is like a career in the theatre, and to those who read it the space between footlights and audience will seem smaller from now on. It is pointless to carp, but Mr. Maney's celebrated prose, with off-beat words so stimulating in a column of newsprint, is sometimes hard-going in a book. So is his refusal to stick to straight sentences. Mr. Maney is a stubborn practitioner of the "Hurt, he fell down" type of sentence. There are so many anecdotes piled into these pages that, on finishing the book, it is difficult to remember any single one. But this is the theatre today. Men like Mr. Maney are rare in it, for most get disillusioned and leave. He has stuck, and here you find out why.

TROUBLED CHILDHOOD: To the lurid confessions of Lillian Roth, Billie Holiday, Diana Barrymore, and others can now be added the tribulations of Edward G. Robinson, Jr., son of the famous actor who played "Little Caesar" so effectively on the screen. As this is written, young Mr. Robinson has attained the ripe age of twenty-four, but from his early teens he has been involved in a succession of brushes with the law, bouts with psychoanalysis, and precocious sex escapades, all dishearteningly familiar to newspaper readers. In **"My Father—My Son"** (Frederick Fell, $3.95) the young man tells (with the expert assistance of William Dufty) of his life to date, and his story more than holds its own with others of the genre. Where the problems of the Misses Roth and Barrymore were fairly easy to pinpoint, his are less definite. It

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MULTIPLE CHRISTENINGS

All four men in each of the lines below have the same given name. Faye Chilcote Walker, of Columbus, Ohio, asks you fill in the blanks. First aid rendered on page 43.

1. Werfel, Kafka, Schubert, Liszt _____
2. Gregory, Greeley, Walpole, Mann _____
3. Foster, Spender, Leacock, Crane _____
4. Jowett, Franklin, Disraeli, Harrison _____
5. Hitchcock, Housman, Noyes, Kreymborg _____
6. Ruskin, Bunyan, Dryden, Donne _____
7. Darwin, Wesley, Baudelaire, Lamb _____
8. Rodin, Rabelais, Villon, Quesnay _____
9. Lister, Pulitzer, Addison, Haydn _____
10. Morley, Mendelssohn, Riesenberg, Salten _____
11. Verdi, Garibaldi, Tartini, Perisani _____
12. Peele, Peabody, Gershwin, Santayana _____
13. Pope, Pushkin, Hamilton, Woollcott _____
14. Herbert, Hugo, Cousin, Borge _____
15. Wilde, Levant, Hammerstein, Williams _____
16. Paine, Peacock, Bulfinch, Moore _____
17. Haeckel, Hoffman, Toller, Lubitsch _____
18. Radek, Shapiro, Muck, Marx _____
19. Valéry, Verlaine, Reynaud, Cézanne _____
20. Damrosch, Lippmann, Pater, Scott _____
21. Renoir, van Paassen, Loti, Abélard _____
22. Van Tyne, Debussy, Monet, Rains _____
23. Primrose, Saroyan, Wordsworth, Pitt _____
24. Ribaut, Lafitte, Corot, Goujon _____
25. Sarnoff, Selznick, Belasco, Hume _____

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would appear that his father and mother (Gladys Lloyd Robinson) were such strong personalities that they had little time for, or understanding of, the simple role of parent. Both were well intentioned, but seemed to feel that money could take the place of affection. Thus as a tiny tot young Edward was taken on a gala trip to Europe and given everything his little heart desired. When his parents drank wine, he was served his own thimbleful. Considerable social drinking went on in the Robinson home, which was decorated by Corots, Renoirs, and Van Goghs. When problems began to beset the young boy, he aped his elders by reaching for a bottle. He also found that by getting into trouble he could attract the attention of his preoccupied parents (his mother had by now turned into an accomplished painter). "Trouble was the thing that could make us a family," he writes. So the pattern continued, with the young man instinctively making trouble and the worried parents rewarding him with sports cars and large checks when he promised to reform. Tall, handsome, already a man of the world, Robinson at the age of sixteen won the love of a top New York model, with whom he openly lived and later married. Today, with one child, he is divorced. Just finished serving a sentence in a California prison farm, he feels he has licked his drinking problem (by means of Antabuse) and looks forward to a career as an actor. All who read this book will wish him well. —A. C.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 752

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 752 will be found in the next issue.

HOW ABCHWKP ADPHFBPC:

HOW LDGPHFBP

DRWKLMDNC.

N. SMFTW.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 751

How many "coming men" has one known! Where on earth do they all go to?

—PINERO.

This is the story of a Southern belle told by a real one

SOUTHERN BELLE

The Personal Story of a Crusader's Wife
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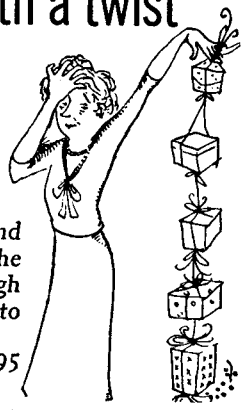

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FICTION

Seaborne Existentialism

"The Incident," by Marc Rivette *(World. 313 pp. $4.30), is a novel which traces the lives of sixteen survivors who take refuge in two lifeboats when their merchant ship is torpedoed and sunk by a mysterious submarine in peacetime.*

By Donald B. Dodson

THE scenario for Marc Rivette's first novel, "The Incident," is taken from the sea-faring tradition of the Western world—a tradition which provides an irresistible mythical and allegorical fascination, for the sea has a way of reducing macrocosm to microcosm and then reversing the process, proving for repeated generations that man suffers not only from privations, but more intensely from moral solitude. In the novel a merchant ship is torpedoed and sunk during peacetime by a mysterious submarine whose nationality is never determined.

Sixteen men in two lifeboats survive the original assault to begin what is surely the longest marine isolation in modern fiction. By accident, by attrition, by murderous design their number is whittled down to a fraction of the original complement when rescue finally arrives.

Such, in bare outline, is the story of "The Incident." But Mr. Rivette has a much profounder interest in man's ethical fiber than he has in the fortuitous encounters of an adventure story; here as in Melville, in Conrad, and in Crane, action (or inaction) is symbolical. The reduced society of two lifeboats erring across a desolate oceanic universe, searching with increasing indifference for salvation is a convenient device for reiterating a version of life: man's struggle is, as the Existentialists will have it, the struggle to create himself out of the brute facts of his situation. Those that are, for one reason or another, incapable of this act of creation abdicate life, and surrender. In the confinement of two lifeboats the perennial, but sometimes disguised, conflict demands of each man an inquiry into his past life for legitimate grounds to continue the unfair struggle for survival in an absurd universe. Such, I believe, is the theme behind Mr. Rivette's story.

From the point of view of narrative, this symbolism is, of course, very demanding; and Mr. Rivette's prose is always adequate and at times beautiful (though it is unfortunately necessary to report that the book would have benefited by some radical use of the blue pencil). The description of storm and sun, and particularly the several chilling accounts of death are as fine as this

—David Vickery.

Marc Rivette—"absurd universe."

reviewer has read in many a novel. It would be difficult, for example, to find a crisis in modern literature which, for dark, Jacobean horror, surpasses the death of one of the last members of this lifeboat marathon.

Considering the strength of Mr. Rivette's prose, it is curious then that his publishers have felt decorous truncation necessary in the ribald speech of his sailors. Blushing dashes follow first letters to complete salty Anglo-Saxon participles and nouns, giving the page a curiously eighteenth-century appearance. One would have thought that it was no longer necessary to disguise the fact that seagoing folk are fond of scattering their speech with cloacal and copulative imagery. But even this disfigurement cannot distort an excellent first novel with a tragic and moving theme.

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Civilization's Child

"The Test," by Pierre Boulle *(translated by Xan Fielding; Vanguard. 224 pp. $3.50).*

By Otis Fellows

PIERRE BOULLE has again indulged his penchant for the psychological paradox where with wit, irony, and a touch of sympathy for the victims, he depicts more or less

Pierre Boulle—"penchant for paradox."

ordinary people caught up in a situation which is not of their own choosing and which passes their understanding. Once the original premises of a Boulle novel have been accepted, the story unfolds with a logic and inevitability that are entirely convincing. In its way Marie-Helen's predicament in "The Test" is as extraordinary as that of the English colonel in the author's little masterpiece, "The Bridge Over the River Kwai."

Hard by Sumatra and rising out of the South China Sea is the small tropical island of Sinang. As M. Boulle's story opens, two groups comprise its population. Up in the hills is a small rubber plantation run by a handful of Europeans. Down at the jungle's edge is the Malayan kampong, a cluster of bamboo huts presided over by old Saat, the village patriarch. But World War II has broken out and the peace and tranquillity of several generations are suddenly and brutally shattered. In the midst of the stunned villagers stands a little girl not more than eight or nine years old, wild-eyed, disheveled, and bleeding. She is the island's only white survivor after the Japanese landings.

Marie-Helen quickly adapts herself to the primitive yet idyllic society of the kampong. At the age of fourteen she has become the bride of the Saats' eldest son and rejoices in his fierce protective love as well as in the warmth and affection of the community as a whole. Then with the world again at peace, the Western powers—Dutch, English, French, American—learn of her existence, and mobilize their resources to come to the aid of the white girl. The results are tragic.

In broad outline M. Boulle's story is obviously based on the Dutch Government's successful suit for annulment of the marriage of thirteen-year-old Maria Hertogh to a Malayan Moslem—an incident that had world-wide repercussions in 1951. In both instances the child is forced to enjoy "a right to her own civilization and culture." How serious is the privation of this right? "For surely," says Dr. Moivre at one point in the novel, "somewhere, scattered abroad, concealed beneath the superficial tinsel and almost impossible to unearth, there are certain elements of Western civilization that are more or less worthwhile." More than anything else, perhaps, M. Boulle's latest book is an eloquent plea for self-scrutiny on the part of twentieth-century spokesmen for modern Western ethics, religion, and education.

DULY NOTED: "America with Love," by Kathleen Winsor (Putnam's, $4), features Cassy Spangler's teen-age world during the Depression. Cassy has her share of puppy love and crushes (Jean Harlow included), but grows up abruptly when illness forces her family to move to a smaller home. Kathleen ("Forever Amber") Winsor is a fairly skilful portrayer of realistic domestic problems.

"Between the Star and the Cross," by William Lichtman (Citadel, $3.50), gives an unvarnished account of the idealists and mercenaries who flew combat missions for Israel during its early struggle for nationhood. Leon

Prescription for Survival

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Baker's career runs the gamut from boxer to flier for the Canadian, American, and Israeli air forces, and his experiences—love affairs, brawls, war—help him find a center of intellectual gravity. A highly autobiographical first novel, often crude in its telling but effective in a reportorial sense.

"Stigma," by Williams Forrest (Crown, $3.50), is the story of an American soldier who is sent into the enemy camp in Korea in order to obtain vital security information. To carry out his mission he is forced to kill one of his own comrades and collaborate with the enemy, netting him an Army trial at which his lips are sealed to protect his country's secrets. Mr. Forrest draws the conflicts between self-sacrifice and vindication tightly and recaptures the Korean scene brilliantly.

"The Man Who Shot Quantrill," by George C. Appell (Doubleday, $3.50), takes us on a Civil War mission, with Curtis Blakeman of the Union Army in pursuit of marauding Confederate guerrillas headed by William Clarke Quantrill. A tautly and suspensefully described chase.

"Sing Out the Glory," by Gladys Hasty Carroll (Little, Brown, $4), is a story of a Maine valley town from Civil War days to the present. Beneath the lyrical and often drowsy diarylike style a pulse beats with strength and integrity. A charming and philosophical slice of Americana.

"Sacramento Waltz," by Elva Williams (McGraw-Hill, $3.75), reveals the hidden side of a trio of straight-laced ladies of the Teddy Roosevelt era. A trip to Europe in the company of a rakish Russian prince provides the comic passages and an experience with an amorous but fatigued salesman has its sobering moments. Sprightly doings, with edges of robust social commentary.

"Rogers' Folly," by Albert Idell (Doubleday, $3.95), affords a peek into the life of French émigrés in the 1840s as Count Papa Borelli, his two daughters, and a barren cat named Nino tangle with American customs. Augustina Borelli, rechristened "Gussie," is kept so busy by suitors and business schemes that she has little time to share her father's hopes of returning to France. A period piece with lifelike, likable people,

"The Savage Place," by Leon Arden (Crown, $3.95), explores the tortuous and tortured mind of Andrew William, who finds himself physically impotent in the course of a variety of affairs with willing women on two continents. Release from his terrible isolation comes when he finally meets true love. A first novel of raw intensity and disturbing psychological impact.

"The Gentleman from America," by Paul Benton (Crowell, $4.50), is a historical adventure yarn featuring a 230-pound American mountaineer giant, Jack Newberry, whose war whoops and iron fists terrorize English, French, and Russian assailants while he is en route to Czar Alexander bearing a weighty message from the Duke of Wellington. Lively and bellowing.

—S. P. MANSTEN.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE TASTE OF ASHES *Howard Browne* (S&S: $2.95)	Paul Pine, Chi. eye, takes on suburban blackmail puzzle; five die by gunfire; college-bred cops hostile.	Good wisecracks abound; much gasoline consumed; could stand cutting but holds pace well in main.	Plus mark.
THE THREE-CORNERED HALO *Christianna Brand* (Scribners: $2.95)	Assassination plot disconcerts English tourists on isle of San Juan el Pirata (off coast of Tuscany).	Jollity and horseplay all over; yarn centers around projected canonization of local celebrity.	Extravaganza.
YOU CAN'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES *Joan Fleming* (Washburn: $2.95)	London real-estate biggie cyanides out; occupants of 51 Park Row tell their stories *Ring-and-Book* fashion.	Pekinese plays throughout; *legless surgeon* watches all; heroine much sought after; finale figurable.	Well-handled.
THE SCHEMERS *Ruth Fenisong* (Crime Club: $2.95)	Three U.S. grandchildren (two f., one m.) willed seaside settlement near Genoa; landlord proves unpopular.	Cast (save for meek heroine) thoroughly unpleasant; police activity minimal; much nervous energy expended.	Formula.
THE CASE OF THE DARING DECOY *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.95)	Perry Mason finds another corpse as he takes on framed oil-tycoon client; Paul Drake highly uneasy; Sgt. Holcomb growls again.	Ham Burger objects as is his wont in lively courtroom scenes; depodded peas qualify; foot-watcher present; Della Street loses sleep.	Prime ESG.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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ENGLAND

Feudal Gangsters

"Warwick the Kingmaker," by Paul Murray Kendall *(Norton. 408 pp. $5.95), is a biography of the fifteenth-century nobleman who, despite the efforts of Shakespeare and other writers, remains a somewhat shadowy figure. Professor Garrett Mattingly of Columbia University reviews it.*

By Garrett Mattingly

IN HIS biography of Richard III published last year, Paul Murray Kendall demonstrated his ability to mine out of dusty archives and crabbed chronicles the stuff of vivid pageantry, stirring action, and living, convincing characters. In particular, his central character, Richard himself, was drawn with such skill and sympathy that the belief of the reader, as long as the book was open, anyway, was completely captured. It was almost inevitable that Mr. Kendall should put his gifts, his strong historical imagination, and his knowledge of and special feeling for the England of the War of the Roses to the task of bringing to life another figure in the faded portrait gallery of the period, the figure of Richard of Gloucester's tutor and father-in-law, Richard Neville, the great Earl of Warwick.

For more than a decade, from 1460 to 1471, English history, or that part of it which has to do with lords and kings and battles, high political intrigue and diplomatic chicanery, seems to revolve around the figure of Warwick the Kingmaker. He pulled down Henry VI and set up Edward IV, in whose name he ruled England. Then, when his royal puppet developed a mind and will of his own, he chased out Edward IV and brought back poor, feeble, crazy Henry VI. Until he found death on the battlefield of Barnet, the Kingmaker seemed to most people more nearly the master of England than either of his kings. And yet that bare phrase "the Kingmaker" is all that identifies the great earl. Not even Shakespeare was able to give him a memorable trait or a quotable line. No wonder Paul Kendall found irresistible the challenge to discover the real lineaments of this historic figure, "so well known and so little known about."

If he has not altogether succeeded, one feels sure that he has done everything possible with the scanty evidence. Nothing survives to tell us anything of Warwick's private or his inner life. His dreams and his ultimate ambitions we can only guess at. No one remembers a characteristic gesture, an individual trick of speech. Even Commines, who had a knack for capturing a person in a phrase, has for Warwick only conventional epithets. So it turns out that while Kendall has woven an even richer and more complex tapestry for Warwick than he did for Richard III, and filled it with a throng of characters, often vividly portrayed and seen in well-imagined action, the central figure, though perfectly plausible, is neither very sympathetic nor very interesting. That may very well be the truth about Warwick: he may be interesting only as typical of the whole set of feudal gangsters who brought England to ruin and confusion.

No general principle divided the contestants in the Wars of the Roses. They betrayed each other and cut each other's throats out of simple greed and lust for power. And if Warwick was less bloodthirsty and less treacherous than some of them, he was not less greedy, unimaginative, and egotistical. In the end, the struggle for supremacy among such people, whether they are noblemen, businessmen, or hoodlums, can only entertain a very simple mind. Probably this book is the definitive biography of Warwick. Its surface color and excitement will carry the reader happily to the end. But no depths are probed; perhaps there are no depths. I wish Mr. Kendall would do a biography of Louis XI. His fresh eye and historical insight might rid us forever of the "Spider King" who has been imposed on us, and with that dummy out of the way, there's a richly complex human being to be revealed. In this book the scenes about Louis XI are among the best, showing sympathy and understanding. They call for more.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

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Confidential Confessor

***"Mr. Pepys of Seething Lane," by Cecil Abernethy** (McGraw-Hill. 385 pp. $6.95), offers a picture of the life and times of the famous seventeenth-century English diarist. Professor Robert Halsband of Hunter College, author of "The Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," reviews it here.*

By Robert Halsband

THE diary of Samuel Pepys, written three hundred years ago, has given at least one phrase to colloquial English: "And so to bed." Deciphered and published in the early nineteenth century, the diary has attracted so many readers since then that the phrase can be amended: "And so to Pepys." In its ten-year span (1660-1669) it sets forth as complete a record of one man's public and private existence as English literature can boast of. Only Boswell, in his journals published in recent years, can challenge Pepys as the monarch of the confidential confession.

But even an enthusiastic reader of Pepys's diary may admit that its sheer voluminosity—3,000 pages containing over one million words—makes it difficult to carve out the coherent figure of the man. The separate items of his daily regimen, as he jotted them down, pile up into a shapeless wealth of fragments. The mass and multiplicity of detail, the constant fluctuation and proliferation are simply too much to digest. One way of coping with the enormous diary is to abridge it, as in O. F. Morshead's "Everybody's Pepys," but this reduces the mass without shaping it. A new, strikingly successful solution has now appeared, by a writer who as narrative guide has hacked a path through the factual jungle to reveal the essential Pepys.

Cecil Abernethy, whose book "Mr. Pepys of Seething Lane" is subtitled "A Narrative," writes neither history nor biography; he has attempted, he explains, "to represent dramatically the esthetic quality of the 'Diary' " (whatever that may mean). Actually, he has told the story of Pepys's life during the diary years, and has taken a novelist's liberty to tell it in the third person (through Pepys's mind and senses), and to emphasize some threads of the story and to disregard others. He has also added dialogue. But in everything—and this is most important—he has hewn close to the factuality of the diary. His positive success is twofold: the narrative moves smoothly, propelled by interest and suspense; and to a surprising degree it retains the flavor and feel of the Pepys incarnated in the diary.

The success of this ingenious portrait depends, ultimately, on how credible a man Mr. Abernethy has shaped; and this in turn depends on what he conceives to be the real, the essential Pepys. In the past too much attention has been paid to Pepys's amours; "And so to bed" has taken on a sexual ambiguity. (That peculiar fame may now have passed on to Boswell.) More justly Mr. Abernethy sees Pepys as an exemplar of the rising middle class—rational, materialistic, and ambitious.

The main cog in this complicated human machine was ambition; hence "Mr. Pepys of Seething Lane" is focused on the career of the young man who in the diary's decade rose from a poor, lowly secretary to become the most important member of the Navy Board, so respected that when he called on the King or the Duke of York he was immediately ushered in. We find him, at first, picking his way through the filth and confusion of London's streets, and leave him in his coach drawn by two black horses driven by a man and boy in green-and-red liveries. One of the perquisites of his job was a fine house on Seething Lane adjoining the Navy office. In his career as a naval administrator he faced many vicissitudes and fought against intrigues and cabals; and these are all unraveled in the book with admirable clarity. The personal drama also thrusts us into the vivid turmoil of the London plague, the Great Fire, and particularly the naval war against the Dutch, for Pepys was involved in all of them. The narrative, like the diary upon which it is based, glows with interest in these sections.

If the book has any blemishes they are minor: an occasional flatness of style, particularly in the fictitious dialogue; the playing down of important phases of Pepys's life such as his intense musicality, his membership in the Royal Society, his ardent and frequent attendance at the theatre.

The great diary is in shorthand. It may sound paradoxical to say that Mr. Abernethy has expanded its main theme into an engrossing book.

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(Continued from page 45)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A bathing place.	71 30 192 32 156 49 177 180
B. What Moore hoped each wish of his heart would do about his dear ruin.	56 119 60 161 125 2 37
C. The part of the route of Plantagenets through Hyde Park now used by equestrians (2 wds.).	90 18 23 163 44 51 190 113 140
D. Nor yet; also not.	169 95 7 65 27 59 78
E. Being one more in addition to a number.	15 188 109 67 101 39 36
F. Terminal combining form meaning, having a specified type of nose; German river.	97 61 13 50 142
G. Epithet applied to January 7 as a "Day."	70 10 111 117 25 96 129
H. Deathlike.	165 176 134 189 4 98 122 115
I. Siegfried's sword in the Nibelungen Ring.	5 41 9 29 110 73 170
J. Act of pouring a liquid upon, as in baptism.	137 11 19 35 127 168 191 182
K. Holding fast to.	179 89 194 62 21 26 42 76 145
L. Extending to the immediate present (comp.).	54 92 17 118 178 164 201 171 197 43 47
M. Powerful and aggressive Muskhogean Indian tribe, now all citizens of Oklahoma.	143 139 185 141 86 152 167 79 80 33 103 151

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Halter used in breaking horses.	144 131 83 88 193 48 121 202 159
O. Contemporary Amer. newspaper publishers, brothers (1877-1925; 1880-).	196 87 124 128 157 99 147 8 94
P. Battle which ended Amer. Revolution.	175 69 55 84 74 153 149 31
Q. Hearing apparatus fastened to skull or teeth, for transmitting sound waves to the inner ear.	93 66 53 199 195 3 58 133 158 174
R. Following "The", popular story for girls a hundred years ago, by Susan Warner; today, a Sunday TV program (3 wds.).	14 64 160 102 57 181 45 107 130 82 146 6 22
S. Propose for office.	173 68 40 105 123 166 100 12
T. Antonym of musical term for legato.	16 34 150 120 155 116 184 187
U. Perforate with a surgeon's cylindrical saw.	85 38 77 135 104 20 200 72
V. Believer in mob rule.	185 138 108 126 172 198 132 52 148
W. One who inherits real property of an intestate by operation of law (2 wds.).	114 1 203 46 106 24 136 162 63
X. Latest, most recent.	204 75 28 154 183 112 91 81

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Blank squares indicate ends of words; if there is no blank square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 W	2 B		3 Q	4 H	5 I	6 R	7 D	8 O		9 I	10 G	11 J	12 S		13 F				
14 R	15 E	16 T		17 L	18 C		19 J	20 U	21 K	22 R		23 C	24 W	25 G	26 K		27 D			
28 X	29 I	30 A	31 P		32 A	33 M	34 T	35 J	36 E	37 B		38 U	39 E	40 S	41 I	42 K	43 L			
44 C	45 R		46 W	47 L	48 N	49 A	50 F		51 C	52 V	53 Q	54 L	55 P	56 B		57 R	58 Q			
59 D	60 B	61 F	62 K	63 W		64 R	65 D		66 Q	67 E	68 S	69 P	70 G		71 A	72 U	73 I			
74 P		75 X	76 K	77 U	78 D		79 M		80 M	81 X	82 R	83 N	84 P		85 U	86 M	87 O			
88 N	89 K	90 C		91 X	92 L	93 Q	94 O	95 D		96 G	97 F	98 H	99 O		100 S	101 E	102 R			
	103 M	104 U	105 S	106 W	107 R		108 V	109 E	110 I	111 G	112 X		113 C	114 W		115 H	116 T			
117 G		118 L	119 B		120 T	121 N	122 H	123 S	124 O	125 B	126 V	127 J		128 O	129 G		130 R			
131 N	132 V		133 Q	134 H		135 U	136 W	137 J	138 V	139 L		140 C	141 M	142 F	143 L	144 N	145 K			
146 R		147 O	148 V		149 P	150 T	151 M		152 M	153 P	154 X	155 T	156 A	157 O	158 Q	159 N	160 R			
	161 B	162 W	163 C	164 L		165 H	166 S	167 M	168 J	169 D	170 I		171 L	172 V	173 S	174 Q	175 P			
	176 H	177 A		178 L	179 K	180 A	181 R	182 J	183 X		184 T	185 V		186 M	187 T	188 E	189 H			
190 C	191 J	192 A		193 N	194 K	195 Q	196 O	197 L	198 V		199 Q	200 U	201 L	202 N	203 W	204 X				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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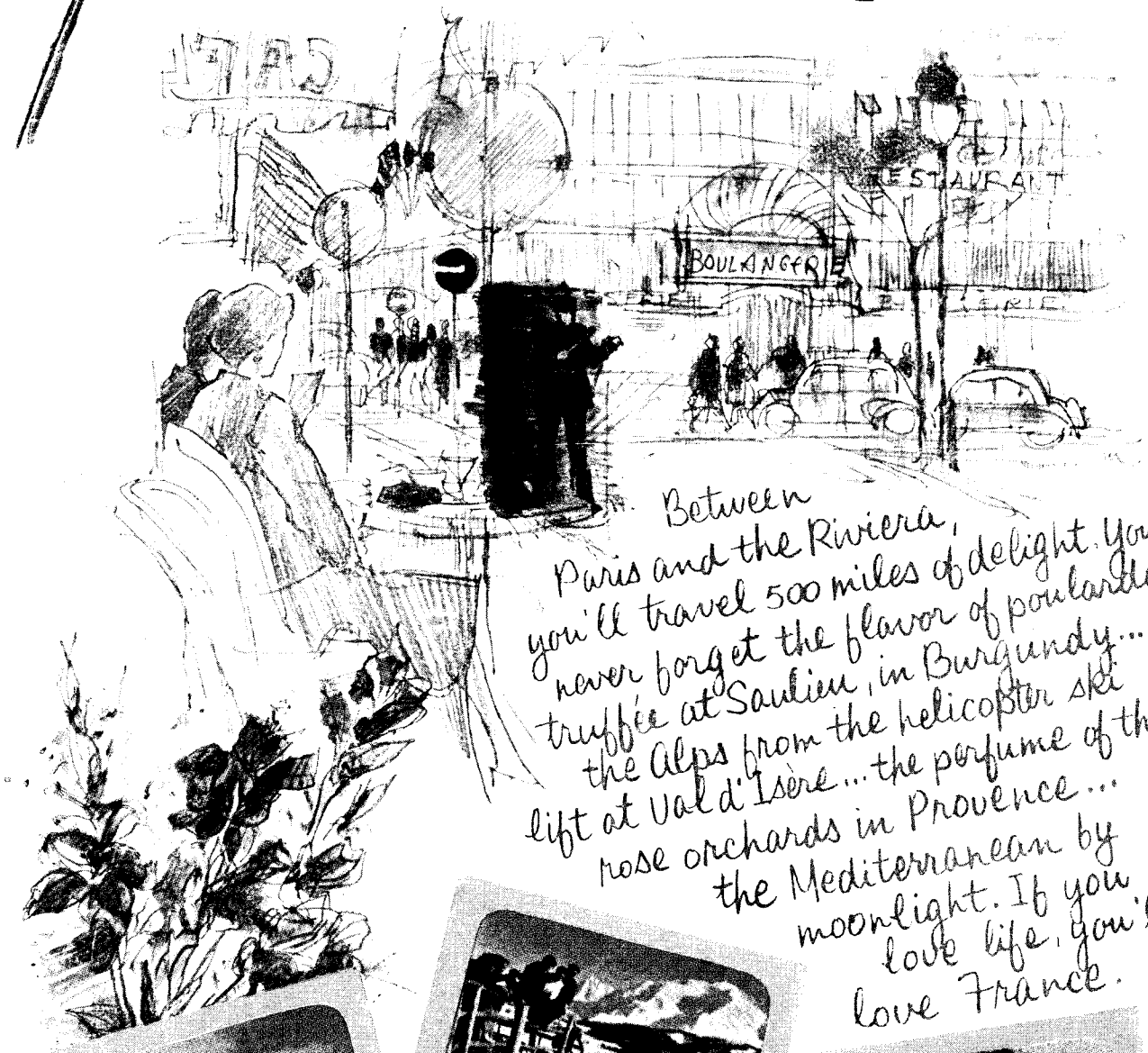

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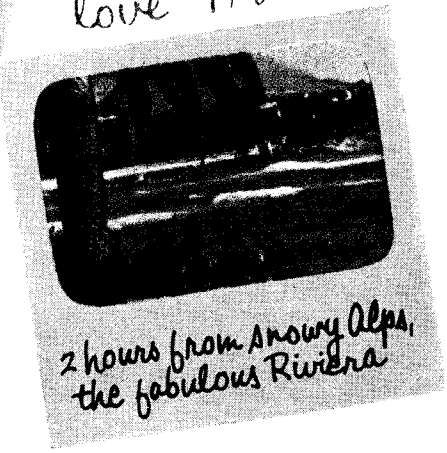

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